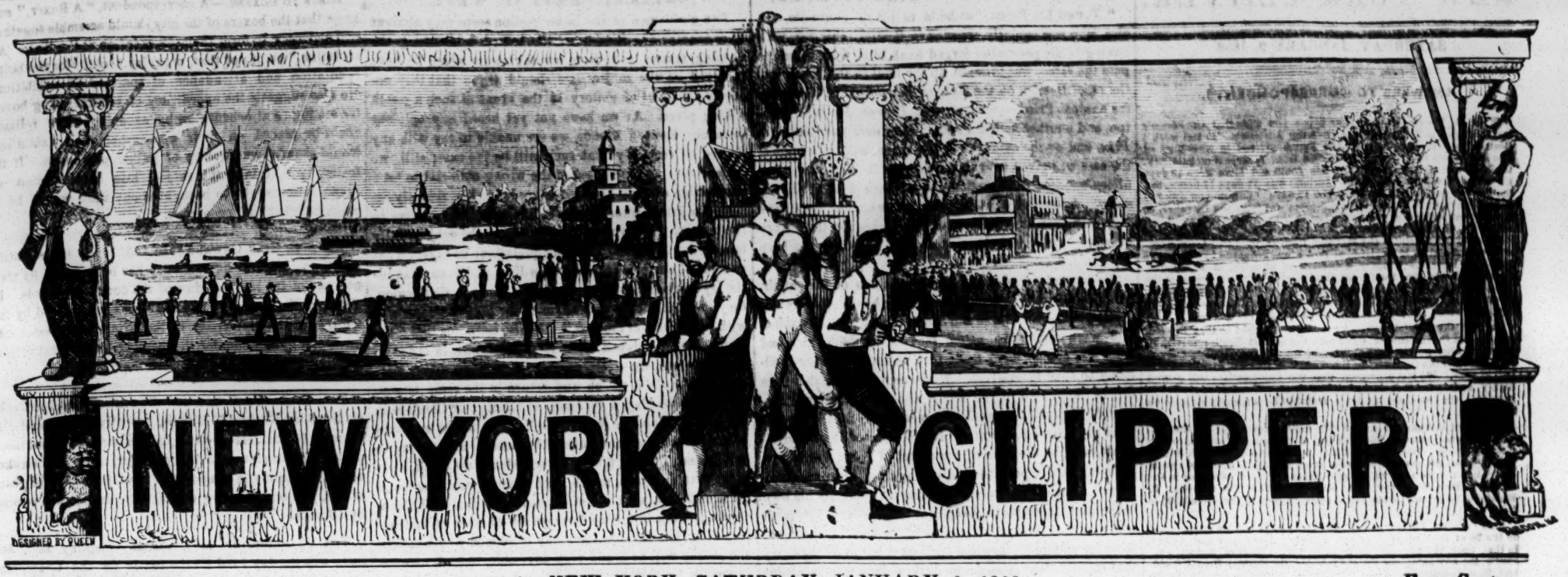

Vol. V.—No. 38. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858. Four Cents.

THE RACE HORSE

BY STONEHENGE.

NO. 2.—BREAKING.

THE STABLES NECESSARY FOR YOUNG RACING STOCK.—The stabling sufficient for ordinary racing purposes, will not answer for the first housing of colts and fillies, which require more air and room than older horses, as they are a considerable time in becoming accustomed to the warmer and darker stables suited to horses doing strong work. But not only is a large roomy box required for each colt, but there must also be a yard, or small paddock, in which they may be suffered to take that exercise which they cannot yet receive artificially in an amount which will maintain their health. The breaking is generally commenced in warm summer weather; and there is no danger in allowing the colt to be at liberty during the day, at at such hours as are not required to be occupied by the breaker's instructions. It is necessary, therefore, to have a series of airy boxes, seperated from one another in the same way as those already described, but of a larger size, being at least 18 feet by 12 feet, and with a very free circulation of air. These are much better made open to the roof, as they are never used in cold weather for horses, and will then serve for any other kind of stock if required; but at all events they should now be as airy as it is possible to make them. Many people object to the use of litter at this period, as being different to the cool grass to which the colt has been accustomed, and recommend tan as a much better kind of material for the floor of the box I am inclined to think that there is great reason in this objection, and that the latter article is less likely to produce that contraction of the feet which so commonly occurs in the horse in training. A shady paddock, with as soft a turf as possible, should be provided; and here the colt may be turned out the first thing in the morning for an hour or two, and again at night for the same time, leaving the middle of the day for the breaker's manipulations. This plan also provides for the gradual alterations of diet, as the colt will always pick a little grass when turned out, and will only eat his hay during the long night; whilst his corn he has long been accustomed to, and will still continue to relish.

LEADING TACKLE.—Leading with the Cavesson on is the first thing to be practiced, and it should be continued for two or three weeks without any further attempt at breaking, if there is plenty of time, and full justice is to be done to the colt. A roller is put upon the colt, and a crupper, with long hip-straps, by the presence of which he becomes accustomed to a loose sheet, or any other derangement of clothing in his subsequent work. With this tacle on, and long boots on his fore-legs to guard against his striking them, the colt is led about the country, either by the breaker on foot or mounted on a steady hack; and for a week he may generally be confined to soft turf, which will not require his being shod. Even on such ground as this he will be gradually accustomed to carts, waggons, droves of sheep, oxen, &c., and will daily acquire more confidence in himself and in his leader. No bit should be put in his mouth as yet, for its too early use while he is still sly and inclined to struggle, only makes him more timid, and by far less manageable than with the cavesson alone.

SHOEING.—Shoeing must be commenced as soon as the colt is in a state to be taken on the roads, because it will often happen that he will be inclined to jump and plunge on the meeting of unaccustomed objects; and if his feet are unshod he will break the crust, and do that amount of injury which it will take many weeks to restore. It is better, therefore to put some short shoes on his fore-feet; but his hind-feet may still perhaps be left in their natural state for some time longer. I do not myself see the advantage of this delay, but it is very commonly practiced with the young racing stock; and with wild or badly-handled colts it is often necessary, from the greater resistance which they make to the blacksmith behind than before. The shoes or tips should be nailed on very carefully, and they should be very neat and light in their make; the feet also should afterwards be regularly examined, and the shoes removed every three weeks. It is a very common practice for the blacksmith to cut out the heels of these colts, but I am satisfied, that by the use of tips only the heels may be left in a state of nature, and will require little or no clearing out until the horse is full shod, and the frog and heel protected from the friction of the ground.

TYING-UP IN THE STABLE.—The next process is the tying-up in the stall, which the colts may now be accustomed to, inasmuch as they have fully proved the power of the halter or leading-rein in their struggle to avoid passing objects; and they will not therefore fight much when tied-up in the stable. The head-stall should fit very closely, and the throat-lash be sufficiently tight to prevent the colt from pulling it off in his efforts to get free; for if the young animal finds he can effect his object once, he is a long time before he ceases to try it again. The colt is often very figgetty; if so, he must be at once compelled to stand still, by the use of wooden balls attached to the fetlocks by leather straps, which soon accustom him to a steady position, from the blows which they inflict upon him when he struggles or moves rapidly from side to side. A breast-girth may also be put on as a fore-runner of the breast-cloth; and it will also serve to prevent the roller, which is constantly worn, from getting back under the flank, and thereby irritating the wearer. All the ordinary stable practices may now gradually be taught, such as washing out the feet, dressing, hand rubbing the legs, &c.; and the colt should be made to turn from side to side of his stall at the wish of his attendant groom, who may easily conduct the whole process without the aid of any regular breaker, unless the temper of the colt is such as to demand extraordinary skill and address; and even here the groom accustomed to thorough-bred colts is often a better hand than the colt-breaker, who is engaged in breaking all sorts of animals, and will not bestow sufficient time upon the valuable racing colts and fillies. Now, without full time it is impossible to bring these young things into subjection, and the consequence is that their tempers are ruined, and they are rendered unfit for the purpose for which they are otherwise well qualified. Their feeding is so high that they are full of spirit, and will fight to the death if they are made to resist by ill-treatment or hasty breaking; it is therefore more by coaxing and gradual leading on step by step, from one point gained to another which is to be overcome, that this animal is vanquished, and made at last to yeild his powers to the guidance of a young lad of perhaps 12 years of age, or even less.

BREAKING.—Lunging may now be commenced, which will require the aid of a second hand, in order to compel the colt to progress in the circle by threatening him with the whip behind him. The cavesson, boots, roller, crupper, &c., are all put on, and a long leading-rein of webbing is attached to the ring in the nose of the cavesson, just as if the colt was going to be led out as usual. But instead of merely leading, the colt is made to walk round a circle on some piece of soft turf; and then when he has learnt to do this kindly he is made to canter slowly round, the assistant walking behind him until he will progress by himself, which he soon learns to do. As soon as he has gone round the circle in one direction a dozen times or so, he may be turned round and made to reverse it, which prevents giddiness, and also any undue strain upon either leg. This process is repeated at various times throughout the breaking, and is the best mode of keeping the colt quiet by giving him any amount of work on the canter or gallop. It is not, however, used for the same purpose as in the ordinary breaking of hacks and harness horses, where it is made a means of getting them upon their haunches; an alternation from a state of nature which it is not desireable to effect in the racehorse. On the contrary, it is often necessary to make him extend himself still more than he otherwise would, and the less he is upon his haunches the better. The bit, therefore, is never used in his mouth as a means of putting him back upon his hind-legs; whilst it is, on the other hand, used more to make the horse extend himself by playing with it, and slightly resisting its tendency to confine his mouth.

THE MOUTHING-BIT may now be put on, and its construction and form are of the utmost importance to the future delicacy of mouth which is so essential to the action of the racehorse. In no kind of horse is the snaffle-bridle so desireable as in the racehorse, in which a curb is always a means of making him gallop in too round a style; and yet when he pulls very strongly this is a less evil than to let him get away with his rider, and either bolt out of the course or destroy his chance by over-running himself early in the race. Hence it is doubly necessary to guard against making the angles of the mouth sore, for if once they get into that state they are almost sure to become more or less callous and insensible. But if during breaking, a snaffle of any kind, large or small, is used, this result is almost sure to occur, either in the horse's early fighting with his bit, or when "put upon it" in the stable. Instead of a snaffle, a bit without a joint is the simple remedy for all this, made in the form of a segment of a circle, and with keys as usual hanging from its centre. This segmental form is better than the straight bit, upon which the colt is apt to pull on one side, and to get an uneven mouth, whereas when standing in the stable, and the reins are buckled to his roller, crossed over his withers, he can never do otherwise than get an even pull upon all parts of his mouth, whether he puts his lips close to one side of the bit or the other. This is a very important point in breaking all colts, and in racing stock it is doubly so, because of the necessity of preserving that delicacy of sensation without which they can never be taken round corners, &c., except by lying out of their ground, and thence losing a considerable distance. But with this bit the mouth is gradually made, and without producing soreness in any part, which afterwards takes the bit; and this is the great feature in its use, for as the tongue and gums take its pressure chiefly, so the angles of the mouth only touch it at the will of the colt, and it is when playing with it that they do touch at all, and then only to such an extent as to avoid pain to themselves. This bit, then, may be used on all occasions without fear until the colt is fit to take his gallops, when a strong snaffle may be substituted, and gradually supplanted by that small and fine kind called the racing snaffle, but which need not be near so small for the horse broken to the segmental bit as for one "mouthed" to the ordinary breaker's snaffle. After the bit has been put in the mouth, no attempt at first should be made to induce the colt to play with it; but it may be suffered to remain in the mouth while he is led about by the cavesson, and without any side-reins being attached. When this has been done for a day or two, the side-reins are buckled on, and are attached also to the buckles in the roller, crossing them over the withers. At first they may be drawn up very slightly, so as just to prevent the colt from putting his head into his usual position, and in that form he may be left in his box for an hour a day, besides the usual amount of walking out of doors with the bridle on. They may now be gradually tightened a hole or two per day, and also more so in the box than when led out, when the tightening should be very gradual indeed. Some colts very soon begin to champ the bit, and play with it, while others are often sulky for a day or two, and hang upon it steadily, with the intention of freeing themselves. All, however, at last begin to champ, and when this is freely done, the breaker may teach the colt the intention of the bit, by making him stop and back when out of doors, by its means. The rings on each side should be taken hold of evenly by both hands, and the colt made to stand or back by steady pressure, but without alarming him. Kindness and gentle usage, with occasional encouragement, soon accustom him to its use, and he only wants ten days or a fortnight in order to obtain the desired result of its presence in the mouth, which is called "getting a mouth," and which is merely the giving to the sense of touch in the lips an extra degree of delicacy. When this stage is completed, and the mouth is quite under command, so that the colt will either come forward or backward by drawing his head in those directions, with the bit held in both hands, the colt is ready for backing. During the whole progress of breaking, daily slow lunging and plenty of walking exercise should have been practised, so that the colt is not above himself, but is more or less tired each day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JAMES ADAMS, THE WALKER.

THE following are the performances of Mr. James Adams, the English pedestrian, who was recently defeated in his match against the trotting horse Jake Oakley, on the Union Course, Long Island:

Beat Cadson, 2 miles, giving half a minute start, for £25 a side, March 13, 1849.

Beat Russell, 15 miles, £10 a side, August 20, 1849.

Beaten by Dobany, 10 miles, £20 a side, Dec. 23, 1849.

Beat Smith, of Lambeth, 6 miles, giving half a minute start, £10 a side.

Beaten by Shaw, 7 miles, £15 a side.

Received forfeit from Shaw £15, in another match.

Matched with Hotine to walk 7 miles, giving half a minute start, when police interfered, and the match was drawn.

Beat Thurtell, 7 miles, giving him one minute start, £15 a side.

Beat Marsden, of Sheffield, 6 miles, giving one minute start, £10 a side.

Won a sweepstakes at Sheffield of 6 miles, against Yates, Turner, and others, giving 100 yards start.

Won handicap of 4 miles, giving Berriage, Pool and Howarth three minutes start, and Ashton of Foxcroft half a minute start, at Salford Borough Gardens—1st prize, £20; 2d prize, £5: the latter was won by Ashton.

Matched to walk one thousand five hundred miles (1500) in 1000 hours, for three hundred pounds (£300,) starting on the 14th day of August, 1852, and completing the task September 20, 1852.

Beat Thurtell again, 7 miles, £30 a side.

Beat Durham, 7 miles, £40 a side.

Beat Old Smith, of Ipswitch, 10 miles, £25 a side, May 14, 1853.

Beat Old Smith, of Ipswich, 14 miles, £50, Nov. 14th, 1853.

Beaten by Old Smith, of Ipswich, 20 miles, giving two and a half minutes start, for £70.

Beat Charles Westhall, 7 miles, Westhall giving 50 yards start, Feb. 13th, 1854, for £50, at Slough, near Windsor.

Beat Ashton, of Denton, 4 miles, for £40, at Bellevue, Manchester.

Walked one thousand (1000) half miles in one thousand half hours at Amsterdam, Holland, August, 1853.

Matched with Yates, of Worcester, to walk one thousand hours, Yates forfeiting £5 deposited.

Mr. Adams is at the present time open to a challenge to walk any man in the United States the greatest number of miles in 1000 consecutive hours, for $1000 or $3000 a side, or to walk any man 7 miles for $500 a side, Adams giving one minute start.

DOLEFUL APPEAL.

WE clip from an exchange the following new song, written by an editor in distress. He says: "There is beauty, pathos and truth combined in the following song, which all our delinquent subscribers should learn to sing with an understanding heart:"

Oh, how happy are they,
Who the printer do pay.
And have squared up the old year and more;
Tongue cannot express
The great joy of the Press,
When delinquents have squared up the old score.

Printers all the day long,
Labor hard for their song;
Oh, that their hard fate all could but see;
They have worked all the day,
And of course want their pay,
To buy sugar—bread—butter and tea.

A GRITTY GIRL.—The Missouri Legislature recently disposed of a somewhat delicate case in the following manner: A young woman having born to a young man a son and heir, which he not refusing to father, still refusing to legitimatize by marriage, she came up praying to change her name, which was done, she and the child assuming the appellation of the daddy.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. B., Boston.—1. "In your paper you state that the Persia's last passage was 24 hours longer than the Adriatic's. In last week's Boston Traveller, it states that the Persia arrived in New York on Thursday morning; which, if she sailed from Liverpool on Saturday, the 12th, and arrived on the 24th, she could not have been 12 days till noon of the 24th. So, if the Adriatic was 11 days 17 hours, and the Persia, according to this, was not 12 days, 'how do you make 24 hours difference?' I send you the piece cut from the Traveller, so that you can judge for yourself. I wish you would answer this satisfactorily, as there is considerable dispute about it. 2. I have before me a paper which states (by steamer from Europe) that Louis Napoleon, on his arrival in England, at Dover, was conveyed by an express train from Dover to Windsor, a distance of 28 miles, in 20 minutes, which is quicker time than is set down in your PICTORIAL, being at the rate of 84 miles per hour by a common locomotive." 1. The *Traveller* errs; the Persia did not arrive here until Christmas morning, Friday, Dec. 25th. 2. We should be pleased to see the extract.

OLYMPIC CLUB, Pittsburgh.—A rumor has reached us that the ball won by the Union Club, of Cincinnati, has not yet been received by them. As there seems to be a mistake somewhere, we would advise the officers of the Olympic, for the credit of their club, to send on that ball at once. We feel convinced that the Cincinnatians will prize it highly, as it is the first trophy won by them. We shall be pleased to hear that the two clubs are again matched for a friendly struggle on the turf.

BLUE DICK, Altumwa, Iowa.—1. The dimensions of a ten-pin alley depend in a great measure upon the size of the place or room in which it is to be built. Thirty-five feet long, by four feet six inches in width, will be found the average of those most in use. 2. The pins should be set in a triangular form, a single pin at the head, two pins in the next row, then three and four, which completes the number. 3. Bagatelle tables cost from $50 to $100; billiard tables, from $300 to $500.

JOHN PRENTISS, Pittsburgh.—1. The great fire of London commenced on the 2d of September, 1666, and continued three days and nights. In that time, the fire destroyed eighty-nine churches, including St. Paul's, the city gates, the Royal Exchange, the Custom House, Guildhall, Sion College, and many other public buildings, besides 13,200 houses. 2. During the greatest conflagration in New York, there were about 600 houses destroyed.

P. F., Cincinnati.—1. Hyer and Sullivan fought in the year 1849. 2. Hammer Lane fought, and was beaten by Yankee Sullivan. 3. Hyer fought Sullivan and McCleester. 4. Sullivan fought Lane, Bob Caunt, Bell, Secor, Vince Hammond, Hyer, and Morrissey. 5. Sixteen stone is 224 lbs.

WHISKEY, Iowa.—This correspondent sends us a report of what he terms the fastest time on record, which came off on Christmas day, in Rome, Henry county, Iowa, but as a sheriff seems to have been one of the principal parties, and an unfortunate debtor the other, we have concluded to "let it slide."

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—"Please decide a bet by stating if Yankee Sullivan and Ben Caunt ever fought at Harper's Ferry. If so, who was the winner?" *Bob* Caunt and Sullivan fought at Harper's Ferry, and Caunt was defeated. Ben Caunt and Sullivan never fought.

H. F. W., Dover, N. H.—C has nothing to do with the private arrangement entered into between A and B; and as B made the shortest actual string rolled, he loses. C is correct in his view of the matter, and A and B must settle their own dispute.

J. P. C., Newark.—1. Riley's pole, in West Broadway, is 145 feet in height. 2. The time announced in our Pictorial, quarter of a mile in 48¾ seconds, is the fastest on record—Seward may have equalled it, but he never surpassed it.

BRUTUS, Rock Island.—1. The fight between Davis and Hammer Lane has been already published in our columns. If we have a copy left, we will forward it to you. 2. Enoch Davis fought Patsy Flynn, by whom he was defeated, a year or two since.

P. P., Cleveland.—We believe the stake money in the last fight between Horrigan and Lazarus remains as at previous advices, viz.: Lazarus received his stake, while Horrigan's was retained, to await the result of a suit said to have been commenced against the stakeholder.

GEORGE BRIGHT, Bridgeport.—From the view we take of the matter, according to the statement before us, we should decide that the party first taking his bird out of the pit is the loser.

LEANDER SECOR, Baldwinville.—1. Have forwarded to your address what numbers we have. You can remit, at the regular price. 2. Mail a letter to our care, and we will deliver it to the party named.

W. H. COOLIDGE, Cincinnati.—See cricket column. Have not heard any opinions advanced on the subject; must wait till the boys get over the holidays before we can get anything very definite.

WILLIAM HOOTLIN, Chicago.—To answer you in this issue would take more time than we can well spare; however, if we have more leisure next week, we will endeavor to accommodate you.

X. X., Detroit.—There are no detailed reports of the early battles for the Championship of England; consequently, we cannot oblige you in this respect.

P. RHARDON, Washington, D. C.—The match against time, in which Conqueror trotted 100 miles inside of nine hours, took place on Long Island, Nov. 12, 1853.

H. C. EVERETT, Nichols, Tioga Co., N. Y.—"A bets B $10 that Fashion never ran a race after she beat Peytona, at Camden. Who wins?" B wins—Fashion afterwards ran, and was beaten by Passenger.

TOPSY, Boston.—1. We have no complete account of all the winter passages. 2. The Adriatic made the best time in her recent trip, as compared with that of the Persia.

B. H., Philad'a.—There seems to be something wrong about the matter; so to put things in ship shape order, send along a small forfeit, that we may announce it, and thus corner the impostors.

DORCHBOY, Milford.—We can forward the work to your address if required.

L. M., Mountville.—We have forwarded specimen Nos. We make no deviation from our published club terms.

GREENHORN, Brasher Falls.—We know nothing of the parties referred to. Henry R. G. Barkley can supply you.

THESPIS, Boston.—Any stationer will supply you with the article needed.

WM. SPOONER, Boston.—Wishes the address of Wm. Hendley, the "Shooting Star" pedestrian.

SURREY BOY, Waupun, Wis.—Will send your paper according to the new address. Apprise us if the change works for the better.

BUNBY.—They did not fight, owing to the interference of the police. See Ring department.

DUMB BELLS.—We do not know. Call upon Fowler & Wells, No. 308 Broadway, and you may ascertain.

WHITEHALL W. W.—Napoleon had the most men at the battle of Waterloo.

PHIDIAS.—We respectfully decline your verses on the Sayers and Elasher battle.

MIKE, Jr., Boston.—We know nothing of the whereabouts of the party referred to.

FELIX, Philad'a.—Those documents arrived too late for this issue, but will appear in our next.

"H. A. S," "A Patron," "M. C. and H. R."—Will make inquiry, and report in our next issue.

F. N. FREEMAN, Claremont.—Your subscription expires with No. 46 of the present volume.

DEAF BURKE, Columbia, Pa.—It has been decided by competent British authorities that Sebastopol was not taken.

H. A. R., Cleveland.—See cricket and chess columns.

E. G., Philad'a.—We have only 3, 4, and 7 of the numbers you need.

M. M., Troy.—Will think the matter over.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

We have concluded to open this new department for the diffusion of useful information on various topics, and we respectfully solicit the opinions and practical experience of our readers on such matters as may be brought to their notice under this head.

STABLE VICES.—MR. QUEEN—In your paper of the 25th Dec., I notice a publishment of stable vices in horses. I have a horse free from any in your catalogue, but he is addicted to the habit of gnawing and tearing his blanket. If you or any of your readers know of any remedy for this vice, you will confer a favor on me by publishing it in your CLIPPER, at some convenient time. A SUBSCRIBER.

JERKS IN GAME FOWLS.—ED. CLIPPER—I would be thankful if some of your correspondents would inform me of some recipe for the cure of jerks in fowls. I have one seriously affected in this way.
J. B., Piermont, N. Y.

RINGBONE.—Derby, Conn., Dec. 28, 1857.—MR. FRANK QUEEN—Please state if there is any cure for ringbone on horses, or any preventative for the same. A CONSTANT READER.

QUAIL.—MR FRANK QUEEN—Several of my friends are anxious to procure about three hundred quail to stock a little section of country for our own private shooting. Will you, or any of your correspondents, oblige me with information regarding the best and cheapest mode of procuring them? "BONITA."
Philadelphia, Jan. 4, 1858.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—There has been considerable excitement among the fancy during the past week, in reference to the proposed fight between John Morrissey and the Benicia Boy. Full particulars of the affair, and the unlooked for termination, may be found under our "Ring" department. A match is now talked of for a heavy stake.

CONVICTION OF A "PRIZE FIGHTER."

"YOUNG ED. PRICE," as he is called in pugilistic circles, who was recently arrested in Boston, charged with having in his possession forged bank bills, with intent to pass the same, was brought up for trial in the Municipal Court, of Boston, on the 30th of December. The witnesses against Price were George R. Cowee, Jacob S. Stanton, and another named Pratt. *There were no witnesses for Price*, and on the evidence of the three witnesses named, the case was given over to the jury on the 31st, and, after fifteen minutes' deliberation, they returned a verdict of *guilty*. A number of other indictments against Price have been laid over until next term. Sentence for the offence of which he has just been convicted, has not yet been pronounced.

We are not surprised at the termination of this affair. Price seems to have been a tool in the hands of the really guilty parties, for Cowee and Stanton, who testified against him, were among the prime movers in the affair, and when the arrests were made they volunteered their testimony to save themselves. We have no doubt there are others implicated in the affair whose apparently "respectable" position in society screens them for the present from the "strong arm of the law." One of those individuals, who, at the time of the arrest of Price, was named as being an important witness against him, suddenly turned up missing, probably finding it more to his own individual interest to keep out of the way. Several others of this "respectable class of society," respectable in so far as fine clothes and spotless linen go to make up that quality, have also deemed it prudent to take a tour to other parts. Men who, before Price was placed in his present unenviable position, were to be seen with him daily in the most fashionable parts of the city of Boston, (albeit Price's house was in quite a different locality) seem now to know nothing of such an individual, for their "ignorance" of him is found to be very convenient just now. Among all Price's recently made "respectable friends," not one could be found to say a word in his favor on the trial. And of such characters is the *clique* self-styled "the principal supporters of sports in Boston" composed. We warned the "pugs," and others, of Boston, against this *clique*, but some of them saw fit to overlook our counsel, and they now see into what company their "friends" have led them.

There is a history connected with this forgery business that should not be suffered to end with the conviction of young Ed. Price. If the truth were told by those who are cognizant of all the facts connected with the crime, there would be some rare developements, and many individuals who promenade Washington street with affected pride and dignity, would be shorn of their false colors, and held up to the scorn of an injured community. Some of these gentry are looked upon as "sporting characters," but this is a blind merely to lure the unsuspecting to their nets. A few of these fancy characters have been instrumental in getting up the pugilistic contests that have taken place in Masachusettts of late, not for the benefit of the "pugs" themselves, but to enable them by disreputable means to line their own pockets. We have referred to these parties before, when they took such studied measures to keep the CLIPPER ignorant of what was going on among them. This unusual course of proceeding opened our eyes to the real object these professedly "supporters of sports" had in view in bringing about prize fights, foot races, &c., and when the discovery was made we advised the parties destined to be preyed upon by the "supporters" to keep aloof from them if they wished to escape contamination, and a residence in one of the criminal institutions of the State. Those who took our advice have reasons to be gratified at the choice they made. The few who did not have been compelled to flee the city, or are under indictment and conviction. The dupes have been ensnared, while the concoctors of the various schemes of villainy have thus far managed to escape, either by flight or by the *prestige* of "respectability" which fine apparel gives them.

Young Ed. Price has been convicted on one indictment—others are pending against him, and, if something is not done to fasten the prime offence upon the really guilty parties, Price will be condemned to a long term of imprisonment. Doubtless this latter is what his confederates are silently working for. Once out of the way, they have no fear of his "squealing." "Price is only a common prize fighter," they assert; "he won't mind the prison; get him caged, and we are safe." Price, thus far, has maintained a silence which conduces to his own injury. He has been used by his "respectable friends" until they have attained their ends. He has been deserted by them in his trouble, and is left to battle with the law as best he may. It is time the "respectable" villains were unmasked. Will it be done, or must the misdeeds of the entire gang be atoned for by the poor "prize fighter?" We shall see.

THANKS.—We received on Monday last, by express, a box containing a brace of ruffed grouse, with some accompanying "dainties to match." The gift was from some of our friends in that "God-forsaken county," Old Berks, as friend Meerschaum calls it. If that country contains many such specimens as the birds forwarded to us, we should advise those in want of "rare bits" to take a tour through Old Berks, without giving a thought to the "pious predilections" of its inhabitants. However, where they "cultivate" such "big specimens" of the feathered creation, we must express a doubt as to the county being "God-forsaken." Our friends of Pennsylvania will please accept our thanks for their kind and substantial remembrance of the New York CLIPPER.

TRAVIS MATCHED AGAIN.—John Travis, the celebrated pistol shot, has accepted a challenge given by Mr. James W. Wales, of Louisville, Kentucky. Travis repaired to Louisville, and, it is said, closed the match for $1,000. The terms of the match are these: Wales bets Travis that he can split five balls out of ten on a knife, at a distance of thirty yards, to wheel and fire at the words one, two, three. Travis is to split one more ball than Wales. The whole number of shots are to be twenty.

IMPORTED STOCK.—The imported stallion Balrownie will make his first season in America, at West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

CRICKET.—EAST vs. WEST.

THE gentlemen of the latter section seem very anxious to encounter the former on the tented field during the ensuing season, and, from several letters which we have received on the subject, we should argue that they are pretty confident of victory in the event of such a match taking place. As we have not yet heard any opinions from our Eastern friends, we are unable to say with any degree of certainty that such will be the case; still, we believe they are composed of the wrong material to let a proposition of that kind go unheeded. We recently received a letter from Mr. Bury, of Cleveland, relative to the matter, from which, in order to get the subject fully launched we make the following quotation: he says, "That as some of our players have been East, and done what little lay in their power to assist the cause in that region, they think that they may advance the plea of reciprocity with some show of fairness." He also proposes that "the match shall be played without professionals, in order to make the chances even, as they have none there; also, that it be made a match and return in the same season, the first to be played in June, at Chicago or Cincinnati, the last at Hoboken in the fall." This would no doubt be a most exciting and interesting match, and we say to our Eastern friends, play it by all means; we think, however, that one such match each season would be found quite sufficient, after the same manner as that with Canada; for, taking into consideration the number of matches played in this vicinity, the study of economy both in time and money will be found very advisable, indeed, necessary among so comparatively limited number of players. We say this not from want of enthusiasm, for it is pretty generally known that our feelings towards the game are quite the contrary; still, it behooves us, as the "cricketers' guardian," to do what we can to prevent a general smash up, which would assuredly be the result of playing too many expensive matches in one season. We advise, therefore, that the match "East vs. West" be made an annual affair, and, with the Canada match, to take place alternately each year at Hoboken, which would of course render it necessary that the first match be played among our Western friends. As any further remarks from us would be premature, we leave it to the Eastern cricketers to respond in whatever form shall seem to them the most convenient, merely stating that any correspondence on the subject will find a welcome in the columns of the CLIPPER.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH FOR $2,000.

PHELAN VS. BENJAMIN.

THE encounter between these two champions of the cue came off as previously announced in the CLIPPER on Wednesday, 30th ult., at Philadelphia, at the rooms of Mr. Wm. Otter, Twelfth street below Chestnut. As part of the conditions of the match, it was understood that there should be no shoving of balls, every shot to be made by the point of the cue; also, that no part of the body should be outside of the line of the table when playing from the string, and that a ball touched should be a ball played. The referees for the occasion were the "Albany Pony," of New York, for Benjamin, and Chris. Bird, of Philadelphia, for Phelan, who, with the umpire, were to decide all disputes. At 6 P. M., all preliminaries being arranged, they "pulled off their coats and rolled up their sleeves" and went at it, each one seeming determined to do their best "by jingo or die." Caution was the word for the first game or two, when in the third Benjamin redoubled his exertions and won his first game by 9 points. The fourth, the most severely contested game of the match, occupying over 30 minutes, was won by Phelan by 4 points. This gave Mr. Phelan fresh courage, and the way in which he managed the cue amounted almost to a miracle, caroms of the most indescribable description being made apparently with the greatest ease. He came out victor in all the subsequent games except the 9th, which was won by his opponent by 8 points. The most counts made in a run were 6 by Phelan in the 6th game, which for brilliancy of play was the most remarkable of any. He also made a run of 6 and another of 5 in the 11th and conquering game, a feat seldom accomplished in the kind of game played, (French carom,) and but for the proper though stringent regulations, would no doubt have brought down the thunder. At the conclusion of the match, a grand time all around was indulged in, and a merry hour spent in discussing the quality of the viands, provided by Mr. Phelan's friends for all who chose to partake. The feelings of the company were of the most amicable nature, and the whole affair was carried through in such a manner, as will render this beautiful game far more popular than it already is. The table used was one of O'Connor & Collender's manufacture, six pockets, with Phelan's combination cushions attached, and proved itself to be very correct in every particular, a great desideratum when matches so important are to be played. The following table will give the result and time of playing each game, and the match, which occupied 4½ hours, and may be relied upon as being strictly correct:

	Phelan.	Benjamin.
First Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	9
Phelan wins by 4 points. Time, 40 minutes.		
Second Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	1
Phelan wins by 12 points. Time, 10 minutes.		
Third Game—Odds		3
Counts	9	13
Benjamin wins by 7 points. Time, 25 minutes.		
Fourth Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	9
Phelan wins by 4 points. Time, 46 minutes.		
Fifth Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	7
Phelan wins by 6 points. Time, 21 minutes.		
Sixth Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	11
Phelan wins by 2 points. Time, 26 minutes.		
Seventh Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	7
Phelan wins by 6 points. Time, 21 minutes.		
Eighth Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	3
Phelan wins by 10 points. Time, 12 minutes.		
Ninth Game—Odds		3
Counts	8	13
Benjamin wins by 8 points. Time, 16 minutes.		
Tenth Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	2
Phelan wins by 11 points. Time, 13 minutes.		
Eleventh Game—Odds		3
Counts	16	6
Phelan wins by 7 points. Time, 21 minutes.		
Whole number of counts	161	81
Add odds		33
Total	161	114

Number of games won by Benjamin 2
Do do do Phelan 9
Total number of games 11

SKATING FEAT.—On Holloshville pond, in Hawley, Mass., on the 28th, two young men skated half a mile in one minute and fifteen seconds.

HINTS TO BOXERS.—A correspondent, "A Boxer," suggests that the boxers of the city should assemble together, and endeavor to form themselves into a "Pugilistic Association," or, if not that, organize a club for the better regulation and attendance of sparrers at exhibitions. He also suggests the expediency of remunerating boxers for setting-to at benefits, as by so doing more reliance could be placed on their appearance, and exhibitions would thus become worthy of public patronage. If the fraternity will take the subject into consideration, an organization might be brought about that would be of much benefit to all concerned.

ANOTHER STEP ONWARD.—In California, the scientific development of the human body has been made, by statute, one of the leading aims of the common schools. In Virginia, the sum of $1,500 has been appropriated by the trustees of the University of that State to the establishment of a gymnasium for the members of that institution. Slowly but surely the good work is progressing.

FIRE ENGINE PERFORMANCE.—The fire engine Red Jacket, No. 8, of Rockford, Illinois, recently drafted and discharged 600 barrels of water in 75 minutes, without stopping. The engine is 5-inch cylinder, and 8-inch stroke, and the company is composed of boys, from 15 to 18 years of age, and on the above occasion the engine was *manned* by 18 boys.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Tuesday last, 5th inst., was the day fixed for the battle for the Championship of England, between Tom Sayers and Bill Benjamin. Sayers is fancied here, and the betting is in his favor. A full report of the fight may be looked for in about three weeks, when it will be given complete in the CLIPPER.

TRIAL OF MEAD IN BOSTON.—The trial of Thomas Mead, for manslaughter, in causing the death of Jerry Agin, in Boston, in October last, and which has occupied the attention of the Municipal Court for several days, was brought to a conclusion on Saturday night last, by the jury rendering a verdict of guilty.

FROZEN UP.—Our boating friends seem to have been frozen up for the present, and but little will be done in that line until the spring opens, when we may look for brisk times. The match between Decker and Daw remains as before noticed. Another deposit will not be made until February.

THE BIG SHIP.—After sundry unsuccessful attempts to launch the mammoth ship "Leviathan," all further operations are, for the present, suspended. Already the expenses incurred in these attempts to launch the monster, foot up nearly *half a million of dollars!*

TRIAL OF A STEAM FIRE ENGINE.—In Philadelphia, on the 2d inst., a steam fire engine built for the Philadelphia Hose Company of that city, was tried. She threw water a distance of 288 feet.

FORTY-FIVE OUT OF FIFTY BIRDS.—Mr. King's offer, in last week's CLIPPER, to shoot 45 out of 50 pigeons, on the same terms and conditions as the match recently attempted by Mr. Taylor, of Jersey City, and in which he failed, has been accepted by a gentleman who desires us to state that he will make the wager on those terms. By calling at the Darcy House, opposite the ferry, Jersey City, Mr. King will find the money, and a party to make the match.

In regard to King's wishing 18 yards rise to Taylor's 21, in the other match proposed, the latter is surprised that such an advantage should be claimed by such a shot as Mr. King, inasmuch as he will not be restricted as to what description of gun he may use. Mr. Taylor is still willing and anxious to have a trial with Mr. King on fair and equal terms.

SCULLING RACE ON THE DELAWARE.—A sculling race in skeleton boats took place on the river Delaware, on the 28th ult., between Wm. Myers, of Kensington, and L. Browning, of Northern Liberties. They rowed around Pettey's Island, a distance of four and a half miles, Myers beating his opponent, and winning the race in 37 minutes. Myers is ready to row any man in the United States that never rowed for money, for from $100 to $200, to row in June, on the Delaware. Man and money ready at Geo. P. Pote's, Eagle Hotel, corner of Queen and Vienna streets, 18th ward, Philadelphia. GEO. P. POTE,
Kensington.

GAME OF FOOT BALL.—Port Richmond, Jan. 2d, 1858.—MR. EDITOR: The game of foot ball announced in the CLIPPER to come off on Christmas day, at Richmond, was played in the forenoon of that day, there being only sixteen players present. The game lasted something over an hour. Before leaving Mr. A. Keefe's Hotel, to repair to the ground, we chose Mr. Phil. Duffee, as Referee, and Mr. Thos. Parsons, alias Dodger, and Mr. Jacob Ebner, alias Dutch Jake, as Umpires.

The following are the names of the players, and the result:

Keefe, Stanes, Turton, Hague, Funk, West, Clothier, and Turton—innings 21, and the game. Turton, Alifer, Wilson, Drybergh, Evans, Chars, Sperry, and Hileman—innings 19.

SCIENTIFIC DISPLAY.—A "set-to" occurred on the edge of the meadows below Thomas-street, on Saturday afternoon. The principals were Nelson Gordon and Richard Ray, gentlemen of color, and disciples of Molineaux, the black. Gordon was attended by Charles Murray, (white,) and Ray was seconded by Mat McCann, (white,) who made the appointments throughout according to the latest rules of the London P. R. The stakes were set, and the belligerents shied their castors at 4 o'clock, when the fight commenced—betting being odds on Gordon. On the first round both parties kept dark, and seemed to be learning the points of each other's science. It was noticed at the conclusion of this round that both the combatants had black eyes. Some sharp fighting occurred, and on the 5th round Ray succeeded in planting a stinger on his adversary's "nob," causing the claret to flow—first blood for Ray. On the 7th and last round, a claim of foul was put in by Ray's friends, which being allowed, the battle terminated, without much punishment on either side, and left the spectators, some 500 in number, in doubt as to who was the better man.—*Newark Evening Journal, Jan. 4.*

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

EXCITING TIMES AMONG THE FANCY.

MORRISSEY AND THE BENICIA BOY IN BATTLE ARRAY.

THE POLICE STOP THE SPORT.

Preparations for a Match for $10,000.

On Wednesday, Dec. 30, the entire sporting community of New York were thrown in a state of excitement, in consequence of a report that spread like wild fire among "the boys," that arrangements had been made for a fight coming off on that day, between two well known professors of the "art pugilistic" in this city. The persons whose names were thus freely mentioned as the principals in this affair, were Mr. John Morrissey, so well known as the opponent and conqueror of Yankee Sullivan, and Mr. John Heenan, better known as the "Benicia Boy," whose first introduction to the sporting public of New York, on the occasion of his sparring benefit, we recorded in the CLIPPER, three weeks ago. It was whispered at that time that it was the intention of the friends of the Benicia Boy, in consequence of the high opinion they entertained of his abilities as a boxer, to throw down the gauntlet and challenge Mr. Morrisey to fight him for the large sum of $5000, and it was confidently anticipated that something to this effect would have been publicly announced on the above occasion. The sparring exhibition was consequently numerously attended, as a general desire was manifested to see the "illustrious stranger" who was about to throw down the challenge to the bold "son of York," so that they might form some estimate of his merits by witnessing him "set-to" with the gloves. Of course there was a diversity of opinions among those present as to his abilities, and we publicly expressed our own ideas on the subject in our report of the proceedings. But no intimation was then given of his intention to make a match with Mr. Morrissey, who was present on the occasion, though we were given to understand that something definite would be announced in a short time, on Mr. Heenan's return from the country, whither he was about proceeding to recruit his health, as he had only recovered from an attack of yellow fever a short time previous to his arrival in New York. We believe he only returned on Monday of last week to the city.

Matters remained in this state up to Tuesday, Dec. 29th, on the evening of which day Mr. Morrissey and Mr. James Hughes met at a ball up town. There had previously been existing some ill-feeling between those parties, and on this occasion it broke out into open rupture. The latter taunted Mr. Morrissey with want of ability as a pugilist, and declared that the "Benicia Boy" could "whip him easily." Morrissey rejoined by saying he would fight him for $5,000 a side, an offer which Hughes stated he could not accept, as he was not prepared to back him for so large an amount. Mr. Morrissey replied that the amount should not prove an obstacle to their having a meeting, as he would fight him for $100 or $500, or, that he might not be disappointed, for "love." Hughes immediately accepted this offer on the part of the "Benicia Boy," who was not present, and ignorant of his friend's engagement on his behalf, though when informed by Mr. Hughes of it shortly afterwards he promptly acceded to the arrangement. It was agreed that the time and place of meeting was to be at Striker's Bay, between 12 and one o'clock, on Wednesday, the following day. The affair oozed out, and the friends and partizans of the "musclemen" were on the *qui vive* to ascertain all the details of time and place. Unfortunately, however, the matter was not kept so quiet but that it reached the ears of Mr. Carpenter, the Deputy Superintendant of Police, who ascertained that Striker's Bay was the rendezvous, and immediately telegraphed to the 22d precinct station house directions to arrest the principals. Learning that the police were on their track the belligerents and their friends, in their respective conveyances, left Striker's Bay, and started off for Manhattanville, where they met, but again had to mizzle before the approaching hostile forces, with the understanding that they should at once proceed to Kingsbridge, and there decide the matter. Again separating, Morrissey and his party, proceeding by way of Fordham, first arrived at the place designated, and it was not until he had waited nearly an hour and a half, that he was informed that the "Benicia Boy," from some misunderstanding or other, had gone to Mc'Comb's dam, and was their awaiting him. Morrissey and his party immediately started for that locality, and then discovered that the "bluebottles" had actually followed them on foot from Manhattanville to Kingsbridge.

On arriving at McComb's Dam, they found the opposition ists ready prepared, and as darkness was closing in, the barn in which the fight was to come off was duly illuminated with candles. After the barn had been prepared for the tourney, the Benicia Boy approached Morrissey, and asked if he was ready. Morrissey's friend not being on hand at the time, a delay occurred. While in the barn, the "Benicia Boy" drew forth a handfull of bank bills, and said to Morrissey, "I will stake this money, win or lose this fight, to make a match with you for $2500." Morrissey replied that the sum was insufficient, but he would make the match for $5000 a side. The other party said $2500 was more than Morrissey had ever before fought for. The latter replied that such a sum would not be worth his while to fight for just now, and the confab ended. The combatants than began making their preparations for the fight, and while thus engaged, the untiring Yahoos made their entrance, and again were the expectations of the parties present doomed to disappointment. Farther progress was thus stopped, and both parties, entering their respective conveyances, started homewards. Mr. Morrissey arrived safe, and started for Troy the following morning by rail. The Benicia Boy was less fortunate, as, in coming down the Bloomingdale road, he and Mr. Hughes called at Jenkinson's to "take a smile," and the former was there pounced upon and taken into custody by the police. He was conveyed to the 22d police ward station house, where Justice Connolly, who happened to be present, opened a Court, and discharged him on his promise to appear before him at the Tombs the following day. Mr. Heenan did so, and, there being no charge against him, was honorably discharged. Up to the time of our writing, no definite arrangements for the future meeting of those two parties have been made, but we expect in our next week's CLIPPER to be able to announce something definite.

THE BENICIA BOY IN PHILADELPHIA.—Morrissey not having returned to the city on Monday last, the "Benicia Boy" left here for Philadelphia on Tuesday, where he will probably give an exhibition of the science of manual defense some time during the ensuing week. Our Philadelphia friends will find the Californian a gentlemanly and well-behaved young man, and it is to be hoped they will extend him their patronage on the occasion of his benefit.

ENOCH DAVIS AND JAS. BROWN.—St. Louis, Dec. 30, 1857.—FRIEND QUEEN: I perceive by your last issue, that Jim Brown has come to the point at last. The date of his communication appears to be the 17th. On the 19th, I had the misfortune to get stabbed, which renders me incapable, at present, of going into training. If Brown had sent me word he was ready, instead of sending to the CLIPPER, I was prepared to sign articles any time, as I have been for the last four months, the time my money has been in your hands. The circumstances connected with the murderous assault committed on me lead me to suppose that the perpetrator was persuaded to do it by a party who are desirous of getting me out of the road; but, thank God, I am not yet dead. I have inclosed a certificate from my doctor, to let my friends know the extent of my injuries; that is more than Brown did, whose sickness I had every reason to suppose was assumed. As soon as my wounds are sufficiently healed to allow of my taking exercise, I hope soon after to be in a condition to accommodate Brown on any terms he may think proper.

P.S. I perceive in your answers to correspondents, you say that I never challenged H. Gribbin, which is a mistake. On the 19th April, 1855, at Jimmy Trainor's exhibition, when you, I believe were present, I offered to stake any amount he might think proper, which was not accepted. Yours truly, ENOCH DAVIS,
Rossatte Exchange, Foulard-street.

St. Louis, December 30th, 1857.
I hereby certify, that Mr Enoch Davis is not able to fight for the first 3 months, on account of the injuries he has received in the night, from the 19th to 20th of this month. Respectfully, J. T. BERGHOFF, M. D.

JOHNNY MONAGHAN AND ROBERTS.—TO MR. FRANK QUEEN: *Dear Sir*—I wish to say a few words in answer to Roberts's letter. That gentleman seems to have a strange desire to let the public know his troubles—he says he had to leave Chicago two years ago to make a match with me, or Mr. James Hart. Now, if I remember right, there was one hundred dollars of Hart's money in your hands, waiting, ready as a deposit to make a match, some four or five weeks, but Roberts did not respond, and I believe Hart sent for it to go on with the match with me. When Roberts arrived in Boston, I was about going in the country, and took him with me to train me. When the fight was over he challenged me, but I did not accept of it, as I was about going into business. As to my getting John Murphy for a substitute, it is not so; he asked me to find him friends to back him, which I did, as I would do for any man. The reason of my sending a challenge by telegraph, is that I understood that Roberts and Mackie were traveling together, and there are a number of sporting gentlemen in Cincinnati, who would like to see a fight, as there never was anything of the kind here. If Roberts wants to make a match, I will fight him. Let him name the amount of money, and pay two men's expenses on here, and if he should lose, I will insure him money enough to take him back. Yours truly, JOHN MONAGHAN.

FARRELL AND BENDIGO'S FIGHT.—A correspondent, signing himself John Kenney, sends us a letter from Johnstown, Pa., in which he states that the fight between Young Bendigo and Farrell was no X, but a fair fight; and that Bendigo lost the fight by twice hitting his antagonist foul. A statement similar to the one that appeared in the CLIPPER, was published in some of the papers in the region of country where the fight came off, and all agree that the fight was not decided on the merits of the men, but was a sell.

A CHANCE FOR LIGHT MEN.—As a small man, and having but little means, I desire to test my capacity with any gentleman who feels disposed to fight me at 110 lbs. for $100 or $500. Man and money ready at Gidding's Hotel, corner of Raymond-street and Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn. I shall be happy to meet those who want instruction in either of the manly art of self defence, or dancing, at the Hotel every night in the week.
JOHN GOLDING, from Manchester,
The English Prize Dancer.

FIGHT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—A correspondent sends us a report of a fight that took place in the vicinity of Boston, on Christmas day, between Dennis Murphy and Mick Desmond, for $25 a side. The latter was the winner in 16 rounds, occupying 65 minutes.

SPARRING.

PRIVATE SPARRING CLUB.—A small number of respectable young men intend, if practicable, to form themselves into a private club, for *mutual improvement* in the practice of boxing. Their object is to attain perfection in the science, by meeting together once a week, and practicing among themselves—not with any desire for notoriety or for match-making, but for recreation, and that only. For this reason, the number must necessarily be limited, and with those only who have taken one or more courses from *good* masters—not persons who figure at exhibitions. We wish it entirely disconnected from any thing that would tend to give it publicity. A large number of young men, after having taken a course of lessons, discountenance the practice of it immediately after leaving their teacher—on account of not having the necessary accommodations—a suitable room and a friend to spar with, and who do not wish to go on the stage at an exhibition, and rally in pell-mell, helter-skelter, just to be observed and applauded. Nothing is ever *learned* by such a system—but in nearly every benefit we have attended the past four years, the great object seems to have been to get the best of each other any way at all—by rushing in, hugging, wrestling, dropping, etc., instead of trying to excel in hitting, stopping, and getting away. It is to counteract this evil that we wish to form a private class, and meet in friendship for each other's benefit and improvement. Young amateurs wishing to join us will please address, as soon as possible, a few lines to ED. JAMES, CLIPPER Office, giving name and residence, as we wish to commence it at once. Also any suggestion you may have to make in regard to the purpose, will be thankfully received. Yours respectfully, R. J.

[Our young friends desire to procure a suitable room in which to hold their weekly meetings—a room altogether disconnected with any place of public resort. Any one knowing of such a place, will oblige by addressing as above, stating terms, location, &c.—EDITOR CLIPPER.]

BOXING IN NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, Dec. 23, 1857.—A complimentary benefit was given here to Thomas Jennings, who defeated William Blake, alias Dublin Tricks, at St. Louis. The room was crowded, and the sparring was the best we have seen here for a long time, owing to so many boxers being in town at the present time. The first two bouts were given by amateurs, and then the "stars" began to appear. Barney Aaron and Mike Trainor were the first; this was an excellent set-to, and both showed some good points. The master of the ceremonies, Mike Garrity, then appeared, and challenged Bob Gallagher for the next set-to; Bob answered the call, and, as both men are good boxers, they made a tip-top set-to; they were well matched. The next on hand were Con. Kegan and Young Carrigan—they also proved themselves good bits of stuff. They were followed by Charley Holmes and Mobile Johnny; Mobile soon got sick, and had to retire, and then came two novices, who went to work in the hardest style; they were taken away, as there were plenty of good sparrers present. Con Kegan and a bar-tender then donned the mits; Con got some ugly whiskey punches on the nob, but in return he gave his opponent some regular rum 'uns, which sent him reeling. Young Trainor, of New York, was then called for; he soon appeared in company with Charley Holmes. They got at it pretty sharp, and kept it up for seven or eight rounds; at the conclusion of which they were well applauded. Then came the wind-up. Jennings is a fine young man; he stands about six feet four inches high, and if he had a little more glove practice, I think he would be a match for the best man in America; he is a quiet and sober man, and well liked in New Orleans. His opponent being rather small, the wind-up could not be said to be a very good one. Everything was conducted in the right way, and went off pleasantly.
THOMAS MOLLOY, Magazine street.

N. B.—There is a talk of a match between a couple of our pugs here, for $200. The lads have figured in the prize ring before. If it goes on, you shall have the particulars. Charley Holmes leaves here in a day or two to make a match with Cope.

BATTERY BOXING MATCH.—On Thursday night, Dec. 31, a little affair came off on the Battery in the presence of a good sprinkling of spectators. The contending parties on this occasion were the Battery Boatmen's Pet, and the Whitehall Champion. A capital fight ensued, the moon lending her pale rays to illuminate the scene, and after 13 well contested rounds, the latter was proclaimed the conqueror. Although there was no great display of science on either side, yet the wrestling qualities of both were brought into active exercise in each round. To the credit of the police we may state, that no efforts to disturb the proceedings were made by those officials, and everything was conducted in the most satisfactory manner. We believe that another meeting between the belligerents will be the result of this little affair.

OLD TREXLER.—A sparring exhibition for the benefit of David Trexler came off on Monday, Dec. 28th, at the Native American Hall, Third above Brown street, Philadelphia. It was well attended, and the sparring was clever; but not having the names of the sparrers it is impossible to give an account of any, save one which took place between Joe McCully and Young America. Joe had the appearance of one who had fallen off a cherry tree; he was in a sad plight; it was quite an amusing set-to. We are sorry to state that the beneficiary has not made one cent by this exhibition, in consequence of a great number who had tickets not being forthcoming with the change. This thing is getting to be all the go among a certain class, and should be stopped as early as possible, as it is said that tickets can at any time be had for half price. Davy is an old boxer, and has never called upon the public before, and it is no more than right his friends should rally around the old man and give him a bumper, as he is in every way deserving of one.

MR. S. S. RANKIN has lately changed his quarters to the Waverley House, 17th and Market streets, Philadelphia, where he will be happy to see his friends who may wish to give him a call.

PEDESTRIANISM.

NOVEL PEDESTRIAN FEAT.—WELL-EARNED REWARD.—Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1857—An incident happened here on Christmas Day, which I think worth while relating to you. It is no hearsay, but the principal is well-known to me, and I was an eye-witness to what I am about to relate. I leave it to your good judgment as to its fitness for publication.

A respectable, well-educated man, reduced considerably by misfortune and hard times, was in search of employment, and entered the William Penn Hotel, on Market street, where he addressed a company of gentlemen, stating his case and soliciting employment. One of the party offered him work for the day, the nature of which was that he must carry a brick in his hand across Market street to the opposite pavement, and back, in every half minute of time, making 120 journeys every hour; the brick to be placed on the pavement, and taken up on arrival at each pavement, continuing without intermission from 9 o'clock, A. M., till 6 o'clock, P. M, except one hour at noon for dinner; and, if completed, a reward of one dollar was promised him. He expressed his willingness to try it, and preparations were at once made to carry out this somewhat novel Christmas Day sport. It may be mentioned that the width of Market street is one hundred feet. He appeared at the appointed time in front of the hotel, brick in hand, with determination to accomplish the feat strongly depicted on his countenance. A good start was of course made, and during the first heat he became well acquainted with the "hard road he had to trabbel," which consisted of rough paving stones and railroad lines. An excitement was naturally created by this curious pedestrianism, and a crowd of persons soon gathered, whose numbers increased every moment; their inquiries and opinions were more numerous than the yards he walked. Some thought and some avowed the man crazy; some swore it a catch for the benefit of the hotel; but, amid all epithets and laughs of derision, he steadily pursued his way till half-past eleven o'clock, when the crowd became so great that the police interfered, and attempted to arrest the progress of our hero, but the populace prevented it and kept them off. The much-chagrined officers wended their way to headquarters, and informed his chiefship, who, ever ready to appear where he is not wanted (as evinced in the late pigeon match,) gave orders to our pedestrian to move off. But our hero quietly referred his chiefship to his employer, and told him he was earning his wages, and would not desist. The employer was then searched for and found; and, out of due respect to his person, our hero was brought from the street, and placed in the hotel yard to walk the same width as the street. As soon as it became known, a subscription was at once started for our now rather fortunate pedestrian, and in a short time upwards of fifteen dollars were subscribed. He acquitted himself very creditably, and ceased at the time agreed on, when he received his well-earned reward. He wore heavy winter clothes, and the distance walked was rather more than *thirty-six miles and three quarters*. The number of times the brick was placed down and taken up was about *one thousand nine hundred*, and he expressed his desire to repeat it the next day. I think there is credit due him for this, his first, attempt. He is forty-five years of age. Yours truly, R. C.

NO GO.—The foot race that was to have taken place on New Year's day, on the Union Course, L. I., and in which Young Sport was to take a hand or foot, did'nt come off, owing to "unforseen circumstances."

CHALLENGE TO GAINBELL.—Albany, Dec. 28th, 1857.—I, the undersigned, will run the above-named pedestrian five miles, for five hundred or one thousand dollars a side, to take place in one or two months from the time of making the match. Albany to name the ground. By an answer through the CLIPPER, a match can be made immediately. Man and money ready at Michael McDermott's, No. 32 Quay street, Albany. If accepted, a deposit will be sent immediately to the Editor of the CLIPPER.
DENNIS MCGARR.

WALKING THE PLANK.—William Townsend and the Lynn Buck are walking the plank at Yonkers. They commenced on Tuesday evening, and the one who first gives in loses the match.

PEDESTRIAN SHADES.—James Adams, the pedestrian, has just opened a house called the "Pedestrian Shades," at No. 70 White street, three doors from Broadway. An opening supper will come off there on Tuesday evening next, when Mr. A. hopes to see his friends present.

COCKING.

COCKING CHALLENGE.—I will show nine or eleven stags, from 4 lbs. to 6 lbs., and fight all that come within the rules of fighting, give or take 2 oz., for $100 the main, and $25 each fight; to come off within one hundred miles of Boston, and fight in two weeks from the time the main is closed. L. B. LEGG.
Dover, N. H., January 2d, 1858.

COCKING.—PHILADELPHIA AGAINST BALTIMORE.—There will be a main of cocks fought on the 14th of January, inst., at Nelson's pit, two miles from Baltimore, on the Philadelphia road. They are to show 21 cocks, and fight for $50 a fight, and $200 the odd fight. The gentlemen engaged in this main are high-minded sportsmen, and, from the good reputation of Mr. Nelson's pit, much pleasure may be anticipated.

MAIN IN PROVIDENCE.—Providence, Jan 3d, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER: A main of stags came off here on New Year's Day, between Dan Mace, of this place, and Amos Green, of New Bedford, for $200, best three in five, which was won in three straight fights by Mr. Green. Thirty to twenty was offered on Mace, but none were found to take it. An odd battle was fought for forty dollars, which was won by Mace.

Another match was closed upon the spot for another main of five stags, between the same parties, to come off on Friday, the 15th of this month, for the same amount of money, at Mace's pit, 27 Orange street, Providence.
OBSERVER.

CANINE.

LANGAN AND JACK.—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 30th, the match between James McLaughlin's dog Langan, and William Bottomley's dog Jack, came off at the house of the former, 155 First Avenue. The stake was $100 a side, and the dogs were confined to 40 lbs weight each. There was a very good attendance of spectators, and betting was brisk and heavy. The fight lasted one hour and five minutes, for the first half hour of which Langan had the best of it, but the other dog eventually out-fought him and won after a capital contest. A large amount of money changed hands on the occasion.

FIGHT BETWEEN BROOKLYN DOGS.—On Wednesday, Dec. 30th, the match between Peter Fox's red slut Jenny, and Conally's white slut Nelly, for $100, was decided at Harry Jennings's, 49 Madison street, and was won by the former, after a good fight of 35 minutes. The sluts were confined to 28 lbs. weight, and the loser labored under the disadvantage of having only one eye: she, however, fought in the gamest manner possible, and both dogs were much punished.

THE DOG BILLY.—We have been requested by Messrs. Jenkinson, Flynn, and Bown, the parties who owned the dog Tom, that fought Mr. Roome's dog Billy on the 7th December last, to contradict the statement that appeared in connection with the report of the fight, that Billy had died after the fight *under suspicious circumstances*. This last paragraph would naturally lead to the conclusion that unfair means had been adopted in the fight; and those gentlemen positively assert, and are each willing to make affidavit, if necessary, that no deleterious article whatever was used to rub their dog, as might be supposed, and this can also be confirmed by the party who "tasted" their dog, on behalf of Mr. Roome.

BOULTON AND CRIBB.—The fight between Mr. McMahon's dog Cribb, and Mr. Charles Patterson's dog Boulton, at 19½ lbs. weight each, comes off at Mr. Jacob Roome's pit, 140 Church street, on Thursday, January 7th; to weigh at 12, and fight at 1 o'clock, P. M., precisely. Both dogs are in first rate condition, and a good fight may be confidently anticipated.

FORFEITED.—On Monday evening, 14th Dec., a match was made in Philadelphia, between the dogs Bug and Ben, and a forfeit of $50 a side, being the first deposit, was put up on the event. The next deposit of $50 a side was to have been made good on Monday, Dec. 28th, but the Ben party did not put in an appearance, and they therefore forfeited. The owner of Ben said he could not get to the stakeholder's, on account of rheumatism, implying that he is still willing to fight Ben against Bug; and if he is of the same opinion, I will accommodate him for $300, at the same time and place mentioned in the articles drawn on Dec 14th. FANCY.

BEAR FIGHT.—On Christmas day, as was previously announced, a bear fight came off at the residence of John McCarty, in Westernport, Md. About 3 o'clock, P. M., some 300 or 400 persons assembled to see the sport. The judges were then appointed, and the following dogs entered:—Wm. Crummell entered dog Bull, weight 85 lbs.; Charles Pagenthut entered dog Ringgold, 65 lbs.; M. Cole entered dog Brag, 78 lbs.; John McCarty entered old Rose, 60 lbs. The first dog put to the bear was Bull, who made a most dashing run, but either from the rattling of the chains or the manner in which the bear squared himself, caused him to cave in, consequently he was ruled out. Ringgold was next entered, but made no fight. Old Brag was next put in the ring, and fought bravely for 25 minutes, when the judges pronounced him a goner. Old Rose was next put in, and, notwithstanding she had no teeth, she made at his throat, and threw the bear, causing him to make one of those noises peculiar to his kind. The fight lasted 50 minutes. She ran the bear in the box three times. Rose was pronounced the winner of a silver goblet, and it was handed over to the owner of Rose, John McCarty.

BEN AND BEN.—In my last communication to you, I stated that Bug was open to fight Ben, at the same place, &c., as mentioned in the agreement, or match made Dec. 14th, 1857. I now withdraw my dog Bug, as I wish to have nothing more to do with either Ben or his backers, and hereafter my dealings shall only be with gentlemen who will fight fairly and not back out when they find that their opponents will hold out for what is right, and then damn the man that objected to giving them the choice of pit, because they knew they had to do what was right at Mr. McLaughlin's. FANCY.
Philadelphia, Jan. 2, 1858.

PADDY AND YOUNG BOUNCE.—A Philadelphia correspondent says that the match which was made between dog Paddy and the dog they called Young Bounce, and which fight was to come off in your city on January 26th, 1858, for $300 a side, and the parties had deposited $150 a side is off. Instead of the dog being Young Bounce, it turned out to be Bryan Borohime, the King of Munster; and the party who had Bryan in train killed him by giving him a dose of poison, put up through a mistake of one of our up town druggists. Therefore there is another match squashed, and of course the Paddy party claims the forfeit.

JERRY AND SANDY.—A match has been made between Mr. Carl's Harlem dog Jerry, 28 lbs., and Mr. James McLaughlin's dog Sandy, same weight, for $50 a side, and the fight is to take place at 155 First Avenue, on Saturday, the 16th inst.

A RAT MATCH came off at the house of J. Gledhill, No. 1231 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on New Year's eve, for a silver collar. Seven dogs competed for the prize, each dog being allowed 5 rats. The collar was won by the dog Brandy, in 26 seconds.

ANOTHER.—A rat match is to come off at the house of J. Gledhill, 1231 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, the 11th of January, for a silver collar, for all dogs under 30 lbs.; all dogs over 30 lbs. give rats for pounds.
N. B.—Rats always on hand.

CRIBBAGE.—A match game at cribbage will shortly take place between two well-known players of Philadelphia, for a purse of $100. Due notice will be given of the event.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,
THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

This popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also gives two or more
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It also devotes considerable space to
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:
Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOURNEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
BOYLE & WHALEN, 32 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
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BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & IRWIN, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

WRESTLING.

WRESTLING is unquestionably the first art by which man, in the infancy of Creation, could derive healthy exertion and amusement from bodily contention, of a nature not calculated to excite the angry passions. It might, therefore, be considered as the first and most simple proof of civilization. This great antiquity of the art is proved by the mention of it even in Genesis, where Jacob is represented wrestling with the Angles. We read of contests at wrestling throughout the whole of Grecian History, commencing with the contest between Hercules and Antius, and terminating only with the final abolition of the Olympic, Nemean, and other national games. But, according to Homer, the Wrestling of the early Greeks was a mixture of Pugilism and Wrestling, for, in the great Wrestling Contest in the Funeral Games over the tomb of Patrocious, it is said of the Wrestlers, that "Their bones resound with blows," &c.; and yet this was clearly a pure Wrestling Match, distinct from the ancient Pugilistic or Sparring Match with the caestus or gloves. The Romans were too ferocious a people to take delight in any sports that were not sanguinary and cruel. Their amusements were, therefore, derived from the combats of wild beasts or of gladiators; and it does not appear that they appreciated the art of Wrestling, which exhibits courage, fortitude, strength, agility, and magnanimous emulation, but without either corporeal anguish or mental acerbity. Virgil, describing the Funeral Games over the tomb of Anchises, substitutes a fight with fists for a Wrestling Contest, well knowing the tastes of his countrymen. Entellus's gauntlets are "stained with blood, and spattered with brains," from their former use. "*Sanguine cernis adisuc sparsoque infecta cerebre.*" Dares, the other combatant, retires from the *spoil*, puking up glotted gore mixed with his teeth. He is carried off.

In the middle ages, Boxing appears to have been condemned as cruel; but our ancestors took great delight in Wrestling Matches. Amidst the splendid tournament at Guisnes, near Calais, the magnificence of which exhausted the coffers of Francis I, of France, and of Henry VIII., we read of a great Wrestling Match between twelve Champions of England, and an equal number of those of France, in which the victory was in England's favor. This seems to have excited more jealousy on the part of France, even than the victories of all the Knights, not excepting that which the superb Champion, Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, achieved over the German Giant, who was sent to the lists in the armor of a French Knight, in order that the English might not carry off the palm. The French Chronicler is, however, more sore at England's success in Wrestling, and he quaintly concludes his account by stating, that the French were overcome, because Francis had neglected to send into Britany, where the prime French Wrestlers were to be found. On this the English Chronicler does not fail to express his confidence, that had Francis produced all his Wrestlers from the West, or Britany, Old England could have beaten them. So much did this Wrestling Match gall the French, and elate the English, that when Harry and Francis were dining together, *tete-a-tete*, and, we suppose, talking of the subject, Harry suddenly jumped up, and seizing Francis by the breast, exclaimed, "Brother of France, I must have a fall with you;" and the two Monarchs had a severe Wrestling bout, in which Henry was worsted. Harry, we suppose, must have been tipsey, for although fat, he was athletic and accustomed to feats of strength and agility; whereas, the description given of Francis, by the Chronicler Hall, is rather that of an *Ourang-Outang* than of a well set strong man:—"And verilie of his person, the same Francis has a goodlie person, statelie of countenance, merrie of cheere, browne colored, great eyes, high nosed, big lipped, faire breasted, broad shoulders, small legges, and longe feete."—It is related, however, that Francis was accustomed to Wrestle, and the same is not said of Harry. The extreme importance of Wrestling Matches may be estimated by the great value of the prises bestowed upon the rustic heroes in days of yore. Chaucer says in his Gamelyn—

"——— By a bridge, was a wrastling,
And there taryed was he.
And there was all the best yoemen
Of all the west countrey.
A full fayre game there was set up,
A white bull up-y-pight,
A great courser with saddle and brydle,
With gold burnished full bryght;
A payre of gloves, a red golde ringe,
A pipe of wyne good fay;
What man hereth, best I wis
The prize shall bear away."

It is curious that the best Wrestlers of France were always from the west of that country, whilst England's best Wrestlers, from the earlies history, were from the same quarter, viz. Devonshire and Cornwall. Sir Walter Scott, being well read in our early chronicles, is aware of the fondness of our ancestors for this noble sport. In the Lady of the Lake, he describes a Wrestling Match between Douglas and other Champions at the great games held before the King. The Wrestling Match between Bothwell and Burley, in the Novel of Old Mortality, must be familiar to our readers, as well as the mixed fight of swords and wrestling between Varney and the rival of the Hero of Kenilworth, in the affections of Amy Robsart. Most of our readers must remember the incident of the Wrestling Match before the Duke, in Shakespere's "As You Like It." But the English were not above fond of describing Wrestling. We often meet with descriptions of such contests in the Italian Authors. And there are several, if we mistake not, in Ariosto. So congenial is this exercise to man in every stage of society, that Mungo Park found it common in the interior of Africa; and he tells us that the Negroes wrestled with a strength, agility, and skill, that few of our best wrestlers could contend with. Captain Cook found the amusement common in the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

The different stages of society have a considerable effect upon Gymnastic Exercises. When war was the only source of Glory, and battles depended so much on personal prowess, the people were exercised in pitching the bar, wrestling, and other Gymastic exercises; but when tactics decided the fate of battles, and art invented so many objects of mental employment and amusement, gymnastic sports were naturally laid aside. At present they have become necessary to counteract the bad effects of our sedentary habits, and they are viewed as sources of rational amusement and of worthy emulution. But of gymnastic exercises, wrestling combines moral with bodily exercise. It not only gives strength and agility to the whole frame, but it exercises the practitioner, in caution, vigilance, patience, courage, fortitude, and magnanimity.

The Cumberland and Westmoreland wrestlers use the back hold, as was practiced by the Greeks. In Lancashire and the North of Ireland, the practice is to hold the collar and elbow, or waistband and elbow. The Devonshire wrestlers grasp solely the collar, whilst those of Cornwall catch where they can. Opinions upon these holds are as various as the holds themselves, but it appears that the Cumberland and Westmoreland method tends most to the advantage of the weak and scientific antagonist, whilst it affords a finer scope for varied action and movements. An Irish wrestler at five feet eleven, had beaten every antagonist at collar and elbow, but when trying at the close hold, he was an easy prey to even third rate hands. The blacks wrestle with the back hold, but as they invariably are thin and weak in the loins, their effort is to break or materially to injure the small of their adversaries back. This they effect by hugging the small of the back with both their arms, pressing on the spine, and pulling the back in towards them, whilst they press the chin on the adversary's chest from them to assist the operation. We need scarcely observe, that such a savage accompaniment to wrestling would never be allowed in this country. Wrestling in the southern, eastern, and midland counties of England displays very little of science, and consists more of weight and strength. Even some of the best pugilists have no better notions of the subject. In the first fight between Cribb and Molineux, the black was thrown in every close; but in the second fight, when Cribb, by overtraining, had been reduced a stone and a half, he lost every throw; a proof that this part of the contest at least was destitute of science, and depended only on weight and prowess. But science makes a greater difference between men in wrestling than in boxing. The most perfect boxers, such as Tom Belcher or Randall, could never give more than two stone to an opponent; and if they gave as much, it must be only to men unworthy to enter a ring, and with whom a fight would fail to interest the spectators. But we have many instances of light weights maintaining the Championship against wrestlers of prodigious size and prowess, who were by no means contemptible in skill. The celebrated game Fawcett, of Ashton, weighed between ten and eleven stone, and yet he bore away the prizes for seven years from the whole north, although many of the competitors were excellent wrestlers, and exceeded fourteen stone in weight. One wrestler, Job Tinian, was six feet six inches in height, and of prodigious strength and bulk, yet Richardson, then a mere stripling, threw him the first fall. At the great match of last year, at at Carlisle, Fearon, a famous wrestler of the first rank, and weighing seventeen stone, was thrown by Sodd, of about only twelve stone.

BIRD FANCIER ASSOCIATION.—The eleventh annual exhibition of this association took place in Philadelphia, on the 24th, 25th, and 26th December. The following is the award of prizes:

Mr. Gardy, 1st premium			Yellow Bird.
" Smith, 2d	do	do	do
" Stay, 3d	do	do	do
" Johns, 1st	do		Straw Bird.
" Smith, 2d	do	do	do
" Irvin, 3d	do	do	do
" Hunt, 1st	do		Yellow Mottle.
" Johnson, 2d	do	do	do
" Irvin, 3d	do	do	do
" Smith, 1st	do		Straw Mottle.
" Johnson, 2d	do	do	do
" Irvin, 3d	do	do	do
" Hunt, 1st	do		Best Pair.
" Johnson, 2d	do	do	do
" Gardy, 3d	do	do	do

NEW ENGINE IN MILWAUKIE.—The new and very handsome engine, built at Button's celebrated factory, Westfield, New York, for Fillmore Engine Company No. 6, of Milwaukie, was tried by the members of the Company, in presence of the Chief Engineer, several of the Aldermen, and a large number of citizens. The weather was unpropitious, the snow falling fast, and a light north east wind blowing. Nevertheless, the new engine performed well, throwing a horizontal stream through 100 feet of hose, and an inch and an eighth nozzle, 191 feet.

ANOTHER SKATING CLUB FORMED.—The example of our Philadelphia friends has been followed by a number of the citizens of Roxbury, Massachusetts, who have recently organized a skating club, of which the fellowing gesgentlemen were elected officers: President, James P. Townsend; Vice-President, Lionel Ayres; Treasurer, W. B. Young; Secretary, P. B. Smith. It is called the St. Nicholas Skating Club.

DEER HUNTING—Fifty-one deer have been killed in Sandwich woods, bordering upon Pocasset, during the present season—a larger number than for any previous year for a long time.

FISHING EXPLOIT.—SOUTH Wolfboro, N. H., Dec. 19, 1857.—As I occasionally see accounts in your valuable journal of great fishing in various parts of the country, and as there chanced to be one of considerable importance come under my observation within the last three days, I thought I would post up your numerous readers upon the subject: three young men from Dover, Smith, Sayers, and Wiggin, caught on Wednesday and Thursday of this week, in ponds adjacent to Lake Winnippiseogee, 319 lbs. of Pickerel, the average of which was 2½ lbs.; the largest weighed 8 lbs. two ozs.

A CONSTANT READER.

INTERESTING SHOOTING MATCHES IN PHILADELPHIA.—Philadelphia, Dec. 28th, 1857.—FRIEND FRANK: A shooting match came off on Friday, Dec. 25th, at the house of Hiram Jones, Red Bank, N. J., for a splendid gunning skiff, complete, valued at $60—20 chances, at $3 per chance. There was an understanding among the shooters to the effect that the match should be shot in the morning, so that they could be home again in time to take their Christmas dinner with their friends and families; consequently, the majority of the boys took an early trip for the Bank, but as is always the case they had to wait for the stragglers. The day was very cold, with a stiff breeze blowing from the N. E. While waiting for the absent ones, those present conceived the idea that it was possible to make things more comfortable than they actually were, and shortly afterwards they were in full realization of the fact. A quantity of wood was gathered and in a short time they had a blazing fire, around which they gathered, waiting anxiously for the stragglers. The next boat bringing the remainder of the party, it was agreed that they should get through the match as quickly as possible, and after a few preliminaries the judges called them to order, and the match began.

SUMMARY.

1..Wm. Mountain	110	11..F. Soapway	1110
2..George Hann	11110	12..Mons. Tonson	1110
3..James E. Evans	11110	13..F. Cooper	1110
4..J. Turner	110	14..Wm. Alexander	110
5..C. Klintz	0	15..C. Wigmore	10
6..J. Conrad	10	16..Hiram Jones	110
7..Wm. Cooper	110	17..C. Glessner	1110
8..Mons. Tonson	11111	18..H. Cooper	1110
9..T. Spicer	0	19..H. Smith	110
10..Harry Smith	0	20..Wm. Carson	10

Won by Mons. Tonson.

Finding it too late to go home to dinner, it being 2 o'clock, the boys agreed to take their Christmas meal with their kind host, Hiram Jones. In a short time dinner was announced, and to say that the boys did justice to it is but speaking the fact, for their ride down the river, and the exercise afterwards, gave them an appetite which many mortals might have envied. Friendship and sociability was the order of the day, and it is doubtful if ever a party assembled in which there was more harmony and good feeling than the one in question. During the course of jokes, conversation, &c., Mr. Soapway challenged any one present to shoot him a double bird match for a purse of $40 or $20 a side. Mr. Samuel Erven responded on the instant, and accepted Mr. S's. banter. After washing out their shooting irons, they proceeded to the spot selected, and after arranging the conditions of the match, (which were, each man to shoot at 5 pair of birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 bounds, 1¼ oz. shot,) judges were selected, the men toed the score, and ended their match with the following

SUMMARY.

Frank Soapway	10 00 10 11 11—6 out of 10
Samuel Erven	10 10 10 11 11—7 out of 10

Won by Samuel Erven.

WOODRUFF.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—Christmas, Dec. 25.—Match $500, mile heats, to road wagons:

Mr. Saxon, b g Newton	1 1
Mr. Williams, b g Revolt	2 2

Time, 2:58½; 2:57.

RED HOURE COURSE, HARLEM, N. Y.—PACING.—Christmas, Dec. 25.—Match $500, two mile heats, to wagons:

E. Luff, b m Lady Jackson	1
C. Brooks, s g Murch	dis.

Time, 2:47.

TROTTING ON THE ROAD, MCCOMB'S DAM.—Christmas, Dec. 25.—Match $100, mile heats:

Mr. Phelan, b s Rattler (to saddle)	1 1
Mr. Townsend, b g Kerry (in harness)	2 2

Time not taken.

TROTTING ON THE ROAD, MCCOMB'S DAM.—Monday Dec. 21.—Match $200, a single dash of two miles:

J. Piffer, blk mare	1
Owner, blk g Romp	2

No time taken.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

HOW SALARIES ARE PAID "OUT WEST!"

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY FRED. H. HODGES.

A CERTAIN Western manager, who shall be nameless, had a happy knack of forgetting to pay his company their salaries; nothing was more regular in coming round than salary day, but nothing more irregular than salaries.

A young aspirant from New York city, who had joined the company, ventured, after two weeks engagement, to hint that he thought it time that he should receive his salary.

"What!" exclaimed the indignant manager, "you ask me for salary, after the characters I've given you to play! The truth is, my dear sir, that a man who plays Hamlet and Claude Melnotte ought *not to expect any salary!*"

As our young friend had never viewed it in that light before, he was somewhat astonished.

This is nothing, however, compared to this same manager's answer to a poor actor who stated his case to him thus: "Mr. P., I have been with you now six weeks, and have not as yet received one cent of money. My landlady has turned me out of the boarding house, and the truth is *I have nothing to eat!*"

"Keep cool, my boy!" replied the distinguished manager, "blackberries will soon be ripe!"

EXTRAORDINARY PLOUGHING FEAT.

UNCLE EZRA RELATETH AN EVENT IN HIS HISTORY.

"WHEN I lived up in Maine," said Uncle Ezra, "I helped to break up a new piece of ground; we got the wood off in the winter, and in spring we began ploughing it. It was so consarned rocky that we had to get forty yoke of oxen to one plough, we did, faith, and I held the plough more'n a week—I thought I should die. It e'ena'most killed me, I vow. Why, one day I was holdin' and the plough hit a stump which measured just nine feet and a half through—hard and sound white oak. The plough split it, and I was going straight through the stump, when I happened to think it might snap together again; so I threw myself out, and had no sooner done so than it snapped together, taking a smart, hold of the seat of my pantaloons. Of course I was tight, but I held on to the plough handles, and though the teamsters did all they could, the team of eighty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons nor make me let go my grip. At last, though, after letting the cattle breathe, they gave another strong pull, all together, and the old stump came out about the quickest. It had monstrous' long roots, too, let me tell you. My wife made the cloth for them pantloons, and I hain't worn any other kind since." The only reply was: "I should have thought it would have come hard on your suspenders." "Powerful hard!"

TRY IT.—To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into her parlor.

CRICKET.

CHICAGO CRICKET CLUB.—The members of this club met on the evening of the 22d ultimo, to talk over the incidents of the past season, and also to present to their worthy President, J. Bamford, Esq., a beautiful bat, as a token of their appreciation of him as a gentlemanly and efficient officer and cricketer. At the conclusion of the ceremony they sat down to the banquet table, preparedby mine host, of the Cricketers' Inn, Mr. McLong, the Prince of caterers in that vicinity; and, as might be expected, ample justice was done to the viands set forth. Toasts and sentiments abounded, and we are grateful for the prominent position given to our little craft among the American Press. A match West against the East, finds favor among them, as with the assistance of Cleveland and Cincinnati they are of opinion they can compete with the clubs hereaway. If they are unable to procure said assistance they think they can play any single club East or West. What say the New York and St. George gentlemen? Shall the match take place?

AVERAGES OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CLUBS FOR 1857.—So much attention has been paid to the proper scoring of the game in that section by our correspondent J. M. Days, Secretary of the Pioneer Club, that we are enabled to lay before our readers their averages for the season, which we are pleased to do, both for their value for future reference, and as a means of arriving at the degree of excellence attained by them in this truly "noble" game. H. Groom, (once one of our N. Y. players) takes the lead in batting among the Pioneers, with an average of 10 and 2 over, while F. Howson has gained that important post in the Union, with an average of 13 and 3 over, closely followed by C. Weaver with his 11 and 2 over. Our readers will agree with us, we think, in our opinion that these are super-excellent for clubs so recently started, and in a region where but a short time since the game was almost unknown. That they may reach a double excellence in their figures in 1858 is our earnest wish. In the meantime we lay before our readers those for 1857:

PIONEER BATSMEN'S AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Average. Over.	Times not out.	Highest Score in one Innings.
Edwards	2	4	12	3-0	0	5
Foley	3	6	17	2-5	0	11
Groom	5	10	102	10-2	1	36
Stead	5	10	26	2-6	1	17
E. S. Corbett	4	8	16	2-0	0	8
Blackburne	3	7	21	3-0	0	14
Knox	2	4	8	2-0	0	3
Smith	1	2	0	0-0	0	0
Conington	1	1	2	2-0	0	2
Keller	2	4	9	2-1	1	8
Ford	1	2	0	0-0	1	0
Healey	6	12	80	6-8	0	34
Boyes	7	12	53	4-5	1	20
J. Corbett	1	2	3	1-1	0	3
Days	7	11	58	5-3	0	17

UNION BATSMEN'S AVERAGES.

Doyle	2	3	12	4-0	0	6
Henry	1	2	15	7-1	0	11
Rice	4	6	9	1-3	1	4
Willock	6	11	51	4-7	1	12
Howson	6	11	146	13-3	1	40
Phillips	4	6	19	3-1	0	12
J. Anderson	9	17	84	4-16	1	26
G. Anderson	2	3	7	2-1	0	5
Dolan	1	1	0	0-0	1	0
Gilroy	6	11	55	5-0	0	14
E. Kerrigan	6	11	81	7-4	1	35
J. Kerrigan	2	4	20	5-0	0	11
Wolfe	1	2	3	1-1	0	2
Dunn	4	7	39	5-6	0	19
White	4	7	20	2-6	0	15
Weaver	4	7	79	11-2	0	19
Carrol	4	7	10	1-3	5	7
Keller	2	4	17	4-1	1	11
Reiley	2	3	3	1-0	0	3
Connell	1	2	3	1-1	0	2

PIONEER BOWLERS' AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings Bowled In.	Wickets Taken.	Average per Innings.	Over.
H. Groom	9	30	3-3	
P. Foley	1	4	4-0	
G. Stead	4	7	1-3	
O. P. Blackburn	2	4	2-0	
C. Boyes	6	12	2-0	

UNION BOWLERS' AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings Bowled In.	Wickets Taken.	Average per Innings.	Over.
E. Kerrigan	12	59	4-11	
J. Willock	12	40	3-4	
C. Henry	1	2	2-0	
C. Weaver	1	2	2-0	

CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.—Thanksgiving Day, (Nov. 26) was taken advantage of by the fraternity in San Francisco to prove the right of championship between the San Francisco and Union Clubs. As the time drew near for the play to commence, a vast number of spectators flocked to the grounds to witness the contest, which proved to be of a superior description, the victory seeming very uncertain until the last, but finally settled on the banners of the San Francisco club by 52 runs, as the annexed score will exhibit:

SAN FRANCISCO.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..White c Weaver b Kerrigan	7	c Willock b Kerrigan	1
2..F. Green b Willock	1	b Kerrigan	7
3..Vidal run out	0	b Kerrigan	5
4..Gilchrist b Willock	5	c Willock b Kerrigan	3
5..W. B. Fox b Willock	1	b Weaver	40
6..Wilson b Willock	2	b Willock	9
7..Heatley b Kerrigan	0	run out	4
8..F. Green run out	3	c Gilroy b Willock	5
9..Lowe not out	7	b Willock	2
10..H. Fox b Willock	0	not out	0
11..Main b Kerrigan	0	b Weaver	0
Byes 8, no balls 1	9	Byes 9, no ball 2	11
Total	35	Total	87

UNION.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1..Anderson b Fox	8	b Fox	0
2..Dunn b Green	10	b Green	3
3..Weaver b Fox	1	b Fox	10
4..Howson c H. Fox b Green	4	b Green	1
5..E. Kerrigan b Green	0	c and b Fox	3
6..Willock b Green	4	b Green	0
7..Gilroy c E. Green b Green	3	b Green	0
8..J. Kerrigan b Fox	1	b Fox	2
9..Keller b Fox	6	c and b Fox	0
10..Carrol not out	0	not out	3
11..Rice c White b Fox	0	b Fox	0
Bye 1, no ball 2	3	Leg byes 2, no balls 5	7
Total	40	Total	29

Umpires—San Francisco, H. Groom; Union, M. McCosky.
Scorers—J. M. Days; Mr. Jackson.

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

SAN FRANCISCO—First Innings.

Bowlers.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	No Balls.
Kerrigan	40	20	0	3	0
Willock	36	6	1	5	1
Second Innings.					
Kerrigan	54	31	1	4	0
Willock	69	37	1	3	0
Weaver	22	8	1	2	2
UNION—First Innings.					
Fox	54	18	3	5	0
Green	50	19	0	5	2
Second Innings.					
Green	41	11	2	4	5
Fox	34	12	2	6	[illegible]

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From London Sporting Journals, to December 13.

PEDESTRIANISM.

INTERESTING HALF-MILE MATCH.—At Aston Cross Grounds, Birmingham, on Monday last, one of the largest musters of the lovers of pedestrianism assembled that has been seen for several years past, to witness a half-mile match between those two well known men, Fisher and Wheeler. The greatest interest was taken in the match, not only by Birmingham men, but by those from a distance, both men being known to be thoroughly game. Fisher has run numerous races with credit. His last was in the Half Mile Handicap at Sheffield some months back, in which he won a heat. Wheeler has run seven matches, and lost but one, which was with Causer of Bilston, in a quarter of a mile, a few weeks back, which he attributes to having had a hitch in the hip, which prevented him getting off well. The present match Fisher's friends were confident he would win, and at starting offered 5 to 4. At 6 to 4 a good deal of money was laid out. At four o'clock, the grounds having been cleared, the men appeared at scratch. Fisher was brought to the ground by his brother John, under whose care he looked in first-rate trim. Wheeler had been carefully looked after by B. Hodges, and was all that could be desired. Both men looked confident, Fisher decidedly so, for just previous to starting he laid 2 to 1 he would win, at which price the betting stood at starting. After several attempts, the men got away, Wheeler taking the lead, which he maintained at a rattling pace for two and a half laps, when they were abreast of each other up to the finish of the third lap, Fisher doing his best to get the lead, but Wheeler spurted ahead, and continued gradually to gain ground; in fact, he never slackened his speed from the starting to the end, to the surprise of all. At the last turn it was evident that Fisher, although only a yard or so behind, was so exhausted that he had no chance of getting home, and when within a dozen yards of the winning post he gave in, Wheeler running home to appearance quite fresh. It was one of the best races that has taken place on the grounds for a length of time.

SPRINT RACE.—On the 8th inst., at Salford Borough Gardens, an off-hand match between George Darley (the champion sprint runner) and Jonty Lyons (both of Salford,) took place, Darley giving his opponent 10 yards start in 100; but for what sum they ran we are unable to say with correctness, inasmuch as the statements respecting it were much at variance—suffice it that it was much less than that for which a "champion" might have been expected to doff his habiliments. There were only about 200 persons present, many of whom seemed to be of opinion, notwithstanding Lyons having engaged himself in a considerable number of races during the last few years, that Darley was well able to give him 10 yards; but scarcely any betting took place, the only wagers we saw made being in very small sums, at 5 to 4 on Darley. The distance given to, and odds laid against Lyons, were doubtless owing to the slow progress he has made during a long career, in mounting the pedestrian ladder of fame. At half-past three o'clock the men came to the scratch, and, on the pistol being fired, Darley got the best of the start. During the short distance to be traversed the favorite gradually continued to narrow the gap, especially in running the last 20 yards. The 10 yards conceded to his competitor, however, proved more than Darley could afford to give, and the referee declared Lyons the winner by a foot; but, at the same time, there is little doubt that, if they had to run five paces further, his decision would have been reversed.

THE TURF.

BAY MIDDLETON.—We have to record the death of this celebrated horse, which took place at Danebury, on Thursday, the 3d inst., and he was buried in one of the paddocks. He was a horse of the very first stamp, as well as of the best blood, which his stock proves. There was but one mare (the dam of West Australian) put to him this season, and she is in foal.

CONTEST WITH A SHARK.

WE have been made acquainted with the following surprising instance of the resolute struggle which a youth of thirteen successfully sustained against the all-devouring jaws of this marine monster at Jamaica.

The circumstance occured last Sunday se'night. The hero of our tale, accompanied by two other lads, of eleven and twelve years of age, went to the bath outside the Fort at Port Royal; they had been diving and swimming about some time—two of them, W. Maude, a free mulatto boy, and John, a negro slave to Wm. Robt. Waugh, Esq., were landing on the beach, when Wm. Lowe, a free mestee, called to them to return, and ride the waves, a sport of which they were fond, and which consits in mounting the waves, which carry them rapidly to the shore. He had scarcely uttered the request when he felt himself seized by the small of the leg, and imagining it to be one of his companions, called out, "John, none of your fun;" but on looking round at the same moment, beheld his foot gone; he called to his companions, but the shark again caught him above the knee, when he struggled to disengage himself, and bravely fought the monster with his fists, till his companions reached him, when they lent their aid to tear him from the voracious animal, with the loss of his limb. In this state they conveyed him ashore, where they laid him on the beach. A servant of Mr. Waugh, named Cromwell, coming up at the moment, took him in his arms, and carried him to a house in Port Royal, to which Dr. Laing, of the Naval Hospital, and other Medical Gentlemen, immediately repaired to give assistance, and amputated the thigh a little above the bite of the shark. Just as he was laid on a bed, some of his companions went in to see him, when he pointed to the stump, saying, "You see what I am come to," and fainted; after which the operation was performed, and the reader, we are persuaded, will be happy to hear that this courageous youth recovered.

WINNING THE HONORS.

IN 1828 Mr. Petre won the Leger with the Colonel; he purchased the horse from Mr. Marmaduke Wyville for a certain sum of money, with the stipulation, that if he won the Leger Mr. Wyville should be entitled to half the stakes. Some time previous to the race he was tried with Velocipede, the result being that Velocipede won by a hundred yards; this of course was a poser, Velocipede was known to be a flyer, and now they had the actual proof that, "barring accidents," they could not beat him; after a good deal of diplomacy, it was finally arranged, that should either horse win, the stakes should be divided between Mr. Armitage, the owner of Velocipede, and Mr. Petre; the day arrived, Velocipede 'had a leg,' and the Colonel won; whereupon Mr. Armitage pocketed one moiety of the Stakes, Mr. Marmaduke Wyville the other, while Mr. Petre had all the honor, besides the gratification of paying all the expenses of the race.

TRIAL OF STRENGTH OF MULES.—Among the incidents observable at the Maryland State Fair was the trial of strength of mules in the ring, the load to be drawn consisting of a wagon weighing 2,000 pounds and 5,000 pounds of brick, the rear wheels of the wagon locked with heavy chains. A team of powerful built mules, belonging to G. W. Worthington, were attached to the wagon, and they drew this immense load a distance of sixty feet. They gave evidence of extraordinary strength and were perfectly true to the work. A team belonging to Mr. Bond was also attached to the wagon, and succeeded in drawing the load, but not with the same facility, though they proved themselves valuable animals.

ITEMS OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

HOW EELS BREED.

This subject was long involved in mystery, until the late lamented naturalist Yarrell undertook, at the suggestion of Mr. Jesse, author of "Gleanings in Natural History," to solve it. Mr. Jesse supplied Yarrell with eels at all periods of the year for examination; and, after a long and patient scrutiny, the latter arrived at the conclusion that eels were oviparous; he also ascertained that they were bred in salt water at the mouth of rivers.

HORSES.—POOR APPETITE AND WANT OF CONDITION.

After taking from two to four, or, in some cases, six or eight quarts of blood, administer the genuine sulphate of quinine in doses of 30 grains for the first week, and in the second week 60 grains, mixed with an equal weight of linseed-meal and treacle, with a little palm oil, to form a ball.

CANARY BREEDING.

"Can a hen canary have young to a cock canary and cock goldfinch in the same brood?" Being at a canary show recently, we took the opportunity of consulting the amateurs in that vicinity, and several facts were brought to light which establish beyond a question, that a hen canary can not only have young to a cock canary and cock goldfinch, but also to a cock canary and cock linnet in the same brood.

RIFLE TARGETS.

Capt. Norton gives a plan for "a novel and convenient target" for practising rifle-shooting at, viz., a piece of sackcloth, folded three or four times, from which the balls drop without injury, and may so be used over again.

ROARING IN HORSES.

Roaring is invariably occasioned by the atrophy of one or both of the crico-arytænoidic muscles of the larynx, causing a falling in of the arytænoid cartilages, thus diminishing the opening of the larynx, and producing the objectionable noise during respiration. The offspring of sires so affected we have found with the disease before removing them from grass, or so very predisposed, that a mild catarrh or strangle would be sufficiently exciting to produce a confirmed roarer. We have found horses with long lean necks the most frequent subjects of roaring.

SHOEING RESTIVE HORSES.

We should advise singeing instead of clipping. Most horses like the warmth of the former. For the shoeing part, try dressing the blacksmith in groom's clothes, and sheing at home instead of taking the animal to the blacksmith's shop. This generally answers.

We once saw a horse shod which, directly the blacksmith touched it, lashed out behind with tremendous force. It was a four-year-old filly. The blacksmith first of all put a collar on, then he fastened a waggon-rope to it, and passing it round the hind fetlock, made the other end fast also to the collar; the horse was also blindfolded.

Let the smith undergo a thorough ablution, especially his hair, &c., put on his wife's garments, and a pair of list shoes; take a pair of light clean-holed fore shoes in separate pockets, with nails ready pointed (no knife, rasp, or anything that smells or sounds like the forge), and a wooden mallet, *pro* hammer. Be sure the nails are pointed and ready; and if, after walking the horse about a few turns, he cannot get one shoe on and then the other, he's a muff. Once done always done. The point is to avoid the smell and noise, *i. e.*, the jingling of the forge and its apparatus.

WARTS ON DOGS.

WE would advise that warts upon dog's head and legs should be removed with a knife, and the wounds touched with caustic, or, (what is far better, and not so painful,) apply lightly a hot iron. We would suggest the co-operation of a veterinary surgeon in their removal. The best means of removing an offensive smell, or parasites, from a dog's coat, we have always found a thorough application of the following to answer admirably: common oil, 1lb.; oil of tar, 2oz.; sulphur, 1oz. Place the animal for twenty-four hours on some clean straw in a warm place; he can then be removed to be well washed with hot water and soft soap. A few alterative pills would be of benefit.

DIARRHŒA IN DOGS.

I HAD a setter attacked with violent diarrhœa, and I tried several remedies without success; he was reduced to a perfect skeleton, would hardly eat anything, and was so very bad that I began to think it almost time to put the poor animal out of pain; when one morning observing that he was much better, I discovered that the night before he had accidently got hold of a mess of boiled cabbage. I then commenced feeding him on it, and in a week the diarrhœa was completely stopped. I had a brace of young dogs at the same time similarly effected, and I tried it with them with the same result. The cabbage was so thoroughly done, that it could be squeezed through the hands, and it was boiled with bacon—in which, perhaps, the virtue of the remedy lies.—[TOHO.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

MY shepherd uses bluestone, powdered as fine as possible, and mixed with lard till it is about as thick as butter, and skyblue. If F. R. will try this, after cutting all the decayed hoof away, and taking care not to make the foot bleed, he will find his sheep cured with two or three dressings. The great fault with shepherds is in allowing the poor brutes to go for days without taking the trouble to see what is the matter with them; and, when asked, generally answer, "don't know; s'pose it's got something 'tween its hoof;" and so they go on from day to day losing flesh, and eventually the hoof, when he begins to dress it, getting something from the chemists, which burns the foot up and does no good. As soon as the sheep is lame it should be caught, and the hoof cut close, and the above ointment applied immediately. Should F. R.'s shepherd have allowed his sheep to have become very bad, after cutting the hoof away, and before applying the ointment, let him wash it with a little salt and water, lukewarm.—[A HERTFORDSHIRE FARMER.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.

THESE nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five feet in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First they deposit their eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud and herbage, eight inches thick, lay another sort of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest dense grass and reeds five feet high to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutzemborge of New Orleans told me that he once packed up one of those nests with the eggs in a box for the Museum of St. Petersburgh, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred, which he fed in his house, where they went up and down stairs whining and barking like young puppies.

[*Lyell the Geologist.*

GENERAL HISTORY OF THE HORSE.

THE FLEMISH AND DUTCH HORSE.

The *Flemish and Dutch* horses are large, and strongly and beautifully formed. We are indebted to them for some of the best blood of our draught horses, and we still have frequent resource to them for keeping up and improving the breed. They will be more particularly described when the cart-horse is spoken of.

THE FRENCH HORSE.

France contains, like England, numerous breeds of horses, and considerable attention has lately been paid to their improvement; but they are far inferior to the English in beauty, fleetness and strength. The provinces of Auvergne and Poiteau, produce good ponies and galloways; but the best French horses are bred in Limousin and Normandy.—From the former district come excellent saddle-horses and hunters; and from the latter a stronger species for the road, the cavalry, or the carriage. The Norman horses are now much crossed by our hunters, and occasionally by the thorough-bred; and the English roadster and light draught-horse has not suffered by a mixture with the Norman.

THE SPANISH HORSE.

Spain was early celebrated for her breed of horses. The Andalusian charger and the Spanish jennet are fallilar to all readers of romance. The subjugation of so great a portion of the peninsula to the Moorish sway, by introducing so much of the Barbary blood, mainly contributed the undisputed excellence of the Spanish horse. One breed, long in the limbs, and graceful in all its motions, was the favorite war-horse of the knight; while another race, carrying the esquire, although inferior in elegance, possessed far more strength and endurance The Spanish horse of the present day is not much unlike the Yorkshire half-bred; perhaps with flatter legs and better feet, but inferior in figure.

THE ITALIAN HORSE.

The Italian horses were once in high repute, particularly the Neopolitans; but like everything else in those mismanaged countries, they have sadly degenerated. One circumstance has mainly contributed to this falling off in reputation and value, viz., that the breed has been kept up by occasional intermixture, not of Eastern, but of European blood. A few of the Neapolitan horses, from their superior size and stateliness, are well adapted for the carriage.

THE AMERICAN HORSE.

In the extensive territory and varied climate of the United States, several breeds of horses are found.

The *Canadian* is found principally in Canada, and the Northern States. He is supposed to be of French descent, and many of the celebrated American trotters are of this breed. We will speak of some of them when we describe the paces of the horse.

The *Canestoga* horse is found in Pennsylvania, and the middle States—long in the leg, and light in the carcass—sometimes rising seventeen hands, used principally for the carriage; but when not too high, and with sufficient substance, useful for hunting and the stable.

The *English* horse, with a good deal of blood, prevails in Virginia and Kentucky; and is found to a greater or less degree, in all the States. The Americans have, at different times, imported some of the best English blood. It has been most diligently and purely preserved in the Southern States. The celebrated Shark, the best horse of his day, and equalled by few at any time, was the sire of the best Virginia horses; and Tally-ho, a son of Highflier peopled the Jerseys.

In the back settlements, and in the southwestern States, is a horse of the Pampas, already described, and evidently of the same origin.—*Vermont Stack Journal.*

ANECDOTES OF TURF MEN.

ROBERT STEWART, as bold a speculator, as bad-tempered a whist-player, as heart-created a gambler, and as honorable a man, as ever backed the Queen of Trumps in the morning, or turned her up at night; rugged, absent, and uncouth at the tables of others, he was, we have heard from indisputable authority, the most generous, hospitable and kind at his own board.* His occasional incoherence and abstraction of manner arose from his brain being occupied with one all-engrossing subject. He thought only of the Turf; if he did not agree in opinion with you, he did not try to convince you by argument, but he would "bet you 50 to 5 you were wrong;" you were not defeated too, if such were your fate in a conversation, you were distanced. All his metaphor, all his observations, smelt of the Racing Calendar; Turf works were the only books he cared to read. The fat vellum leaves of the betting book were those he only cared to write on; it is a literal fact, that in his head there was a course longer than the Ditch-in or the Beacon, or any of the severe distances in elder racing days, for race-horses were unceasingly running in his head from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. In early life he held a Government situation in Somerset House, and some of his coadjutors there have reason to speak highly of him. He was a liberal supporter of Tom Belcher and others of the Prize Ring, and hence we apprehend a friendship arose between him and Mr. Gully, which led to a long connection between them on the Turf, and which terminated but with Mr. Stewart's death. In the year 1822, long remembered by Turf men as Theodore's year, Mr. Stewart was subject to a severe and almost ruinous hoax of having a forged letter sent to him, as from authority, commissioning him to lay against Swap; he got on with courage and vigor; and, oh how different to the present levanting-days, when he found that he was imposed upon, was his alarm, his agony, as to the consequences. He did not think of weathering out the storm, and reaping the advantages which, as the race turned out, he would have reaped; he manfully stated, and with tears in his eyes, that as the commission was an imposture, and he alone was answerable for the bets, he should, in case Swap won, be unable to pay; many bets were cancelled, many hedged, and Swap, who was stated to have run in too tight shoes, was beaten early in the race. Mr. Stewart then, and ever after, was the promptest to pay as a losing man, and the most considerate in relaxing the hours of payment in others, when himself a winner. From Theodore's year, he for some time had races of wonderful prosperity. Barefoot's success, when of course Sherwood was defeated, was to him what George Robins calls "a mine of wealth," and that little wiry son of Whalebone, Lapdog, greatly increased his store. Latterly he took savagely to play; and we should apprehend that thousands were, in the two or three last years of his life, lost "by the hazard of the die." He might truly have applied to himself the words of Gay: "The road hath done me justice, but the gaming table hath been my ruin." The perpetual wear of the brain, the fever of the spirit, inseparable from the life of such a man as Mr. Stewart, clouded his last days, and he might be said to have broken up more rapidly and painfully than could have been expected. Poor Stewart, with all his faults of temper and manner, he has left a gap in the betting circles amongst men of honor, truth, and straightforwardness, that will not easily be filled up.

* We have been credibly informed that at Mr. Stewart's table often assembled many men that loved the pleasures of life, many that gave life and manliness to life, and many that made life pleasant. There might be seen Mr. Gully, the quiet, sensible, and natural gentleman; Mr. Harley, the actor in public and private; Captain Barclay, who drove the Edinburgh mail *clean through* from London, and really walked the 1000 miles in the 1000 hours, (he started on Thursday, the 1st of June, 1809, at twelve o'clock at night, and finished on Wednesday, July the 12th, at a quarter past three); James Wallack, the enterprising manager of Wallack's Theatre, New York; Mr. John Jackson, who, in the palmy days of his *calf*, "walked galtered," and carried Herculean symmetry up the Strand. These, and others who were good in various ways, congregated together, and squandered away the little hours.

A GAME OF "SEVEN-UP."

"TAKE a drink stranger?" inquired a dim inutive, gray-eyed individual, addressing himself to me, as we set at the centre-table in the cabin of a lake steamer. He continued doggedly to stir the punch which the steward had just handed him, and repeated his invitation. I declined.

Having disposed of a second "smasher," he tried me again.

"Busy, stranger?"

I moved to him.

"Take a hand at seven-up, sir?"

I assented to this proposition, to kill a dreary hour or so, and my challenger immediately drew from his coat pocket the necessary documents for a bout at "old sledge." He had evidently calculated upon "pigeoning" me, and plainly supposing me verdant, he coolly deposited under the candlestick a five dollar note upon one of the Western "Wild Cat" institutions. I immediately covered it with a V upon the "Lumbermen's" Bank, which some blackguard or other had put upon me, in my travels, for a good one. The cards were dealt, a brace of hands were played, and I won his "Red Dog" shinplaster.

"Double it, stranger?"

"As you please," said I, carelessly, and he placed a very respectable looking X upon the stakes.

I held the ace, deuce and ten of trumps, boarded with a simultaneous call upon somebody to "d—n such luck," and upon the steward to bring him another punch.

In the next hand, I made three points, and I beat the game, I moved towards the money, but he prevented my raising it, by covering it with a *tweny* spot, whereupon he gulped down the balance of his third punch, and dealt the cards again.

The liquor by this time had commenced to operate upon his irritability, and I soon discovered him to be a pugnacious customer. I had seen ugly men before, however, and being pretty well acquainted with the game, having nothing at stake, and contriving to keep perfectly cool, thus far I had my gentleman at odds.

I was in luck! I held *all the* cards, and made four points. In the second hand of the third game, I made high, low, game, and "skunked" him outright again.

The play had now become somewhat interesting—several spectators had gathered around the table. My opponent insisted that the money should lie, and he counted out his *forty* dollars. He was getting excited.

The fourth round was more fluctuating. I had made but three points, my adversary five. He dealt me an excellent hand, upon which I "begged," however; because, as he turned his cards, he volunteered the remark, "that he would fix me, *this* time!"

"Give you one—by G—d!"

"That scores me *four*," I added quietly.

"Four to my five," he answered. "Steward! another punch on this!"

He held the queen, knave, and five of trumps. I led a low side card, upon which he placed a ten "for game." He returned with an ace, which I gave him. He "swung" with his queen, which I took with my king, and following with my *ace* of trumps, I had his *knave* again. I played the four for "low," which scored me three upon this hand, and gift made me seven, to his score and game, which counted him but six!

As he dashed his fist violently upon the table with a "d—n," I again moved towards the "pile," which had now swelled to eighty dollars—*most* of which was in good money—but he motioned me back with

"Once more, if you please, by G—, stranger!"

"Have it your own way," I replied; and he planked his *eighty* dollars on the other, which was snugly stowed beneath the foot of the candlestick.

Again the cards were dealt, and in the first hand he made three points to my gift. Three *vs.* one was duly scored; the papers went round again, and the result was "our and." We played another round, upon which I was doing famously, when a *misdeal* was discovered. I humored him (though there was foul play, and I knew it); the cards were stocked, and the deal was passed. I cut the cards, and my antagonist (who by this time had become especially stupid and particularly ugly) shuffled them in the clumsiest manner possible.

We stood four and four. I held a hand to be played for a man's life—the ace, queen, knave, and duce of trumps! I forthwith played the duce—which "played the duce" with my thick-headed friend, for *he couldn't follow it!*

"That's high and low—by G—d, for all me!" he muttered, as I gave him the ace of another suit, and followed it with the queen. The game was up—I held everything—never was there such a run of luck!

I ushered my queen—followed her with the knave—and then boarded the ace of trumps—to which last card my opponent did not answer.

"Another mis—deal," said he slowly, "by G—d!"

"Not too fast, my friend," I answered, "you *had* six cards."

"I say there's an—other misdeal—'lc—*stranger.*"

"You are mistaken, sir. There is your sixth card, *under the table.*"

"Do you say that's *my* card?"

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it."

"Who in h—l put it *there?*" continued the ugly devil.

"Can't say, upon my soul—but *play* it if you please."

"Do you say I put it there?" said the fellow, refusing to take it up, and at the same time leisurely rolling up his coat cuffs.

"You must have *dropped* it," I suggested.

"Do you *say*—'lc—*I put it there?*"

I could bear with this no longer, and hastily calculating my chances of being worsted, I laid my left hand upon the money, and with my right, I seized him by the foretop, across the table, as he attempted to rise at the other side. A dirk-knife gleamed an instant in the light, but with a sudden effort I brought his head in contact with the mahogany, which bewildered him, while I wrenched the dagger from his hand and secured *l'argent.* The next moment I heard the rough voice of Jack W—ff, the first officer of the boat, who had been apprised of the rumpus, below.

As the blackleg arose upon me, Jack tendered him a feeler, under the ear, which sent him reeling heels over head into a state-room hard by, with "there, d—n you, take that and go to bed; you're eternally kicking up a muss with somebody!" and turning the key upon the outside of the door, he added, "past twelve, gentlemen—no more cards to-night, if you please," and he left the cabin.

We arrived at C——d before daybreak, where I left the boat; since which time I have not had the pleasure of meeting my friend who was so excessively fond of the "GAME OF SEVEN-UP."

DID'NT LIKE THE FROTH.—About the Hardest case ever heard of was a murderer named Stone, executed many years since in Exeter, New Hampshire. Just before the rope was placed round his neck, he requested the Sheriff to give him a mug of ale. The request being promptly acceded to, he took the mug and commenced blowing the froth from the ale.

"What are you doing that for?" nervously asked the sheriff.

"Because," said the stuborn wretch "I don't think froth is healthy!"

FRIGHTFUL RESULT OF A WHISTLING MATCH.—A whistling match came off at Molelumme Hill, California, not long ago. Two whistlers commenced at half past nine in the evening, and kept it up till ten minutes of two the next morning, when one of them caved in, and was forced to stretch his mouth in all sorts of shapes to get the "pucker" taken out of it. He "allowed" his lips felt "like they was the toe of an old boot, with a large hole in it."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—Authorities *is* at a discount, a very great ways below par. Still, with true lawyer-like instincts, we don't discard, or give up our faith in them—only for this once. Herr Lowenthal is the man to look to for an explanation of the unfortunate *three*-move solution to No. 92, discovered by you, "Roy," and E. S. B. Thank you for *all* the very valuable contents of yours of the 24th ult. Write on just as many sides as you please—unless you prepare your copy at once for the compositor. The games—anon. Don't forget "the Paixhan." Your opinion of "Gem No. 9," corresponds with our own.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston, Mass.—Very appropriate. Let the eight losers in the preliminary round also proceed to pair off, the ultimate victor in each division to win a picture; then graduate them, if thought proper, by having the prize in the winning division colored; in the losing, plain. How's that plan?

E. B. C., Hoboken, N. J.—The letter was mislaid on our hands for two days. Thanks for your prompt and courteous answer; we were sorry to trouble you, but knew of no other way, just then, to get the information.

AGAMENTICUS, Lynn, Mass.—No. 93, right. May we not look for some specimens of the doings of your club?

CAREW, Catskill, N. Y.—Thank you for this proof of your interest in our game, but this first problem is hardly available; a little more study and artistic finish. If White is to move and mate, his forces should be at the bottom of the diagram. There is such a problem. Apply to the publishers.

B. W., Canandaigua, N. Y.—Thank you for both letters; laid aside for examination.

A. S. H., Cumberland, Md.—Same as to "B. W." Can you give us some report of chess in your vicinity?

A LEARNER, Jr., Hollidaysburg, Pa.—We are glad to see this proof of your interest in our "Problems for Beginners," and doubt not you have profited by them. First in, and all right.

DOCTOR, Milwaukee, Wis.—We are happy indeed to place you upon our list of correspondents, with such welcome news; keep us posted in the progress of your club, and give us some specimens of your leading players' skill.

THE MILWAUKEE CHESS CLUB has completed its organization, and meets every Monday evening at its rooms in the "Newhall House." Its organization is modelled on that of our Metropolitan Club, and its officers are:—President, Winfield Smith, Esq; Vice do., Byron Paine; Secretary, E. W. Carpenter; Treasurer, Sigismund Wise. We wish them ample prosperity.

DE PREFONTAINE, Philad'a.—You see your wish is complied with, and the game withdrawn. We wish both you and the Boston gentlemen to write out and annotate (the more fully the better) the game, for re publication.

E. J. W., Boston.—Will you undertake to see that this is done on your side?

ALONZO, (2d letter.)—A hearty return of your kind wishes, and thanks for your welcome, cheering letter; containing, as it does, such cordial approbation of our past, and assurances of support for the future. We *are* happy to rate our correspondents as *friends*. We gave your solution, not expecting anything new from "Castor," but let 'em try "Pollux," we shan't give them your solution of that in too great a hurry. Yes, we think Salem should come next. By all means; give us a few such problems. Let them be elegant and natural, with but few pieces, the mates divided between White and Black, and they will be very welcome.

H. A. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—We have found just such an antagonist as you desire, who says you may choose your men and forward your move; or, if you will play some regular opening, forward the moves on both sides up to the first important branch in the opening.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 93.

1..Kt to K 6 + K moves | 2..B to K B 8, and K dis + mate.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 92.

By ALONZO, E. S. BREWSTER, and EN PRISE; in *Three* moves! Of course we look upon this as a typographical error, chargable to the Editor of the work whence we took it—for ours was an accurate copy.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 93.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..P to R 7 +	K to R sq	4..R to K R 8 +	K × P
2..B-K B 3	Q × B	5..B mates.	
3..R-K R 2	Q-Kt 2 *best.*		

SOLUTION OF GEM NO. 9

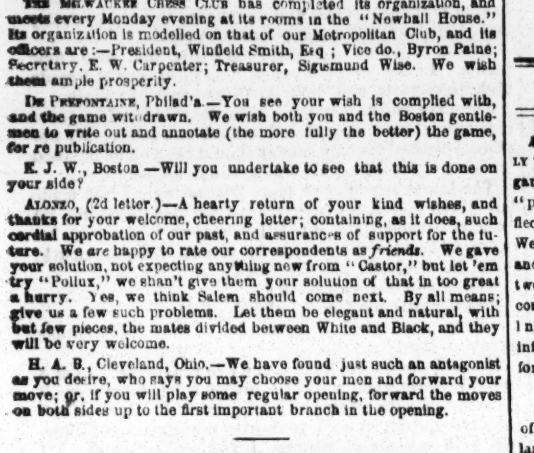
BY E. S. BREWSTER, AND ALONZO.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..B to K B 3 +	K to Kt 8 (1)	7..K × P	K to Kt 8
2..B-K K sq	K takes B	8..P Queens	P Queens
3..K-his B sq	P-Q 4	9..Q-her 4 +	K-R 7
4..K P × P	P-K 5	10..Q-K R 4 +	K-Kt 7
5..P-Q 6	P-K 6	11..Q-K Kt 4 +	K-R 7
6..P-Q 7	P-K 7 +	12..K-his B 2, and wins.	
	(1)		
1..	K to R 6	4..K to B 2	K to Kt 5
2..B to K R sq	K-Kt 6	5..K-Kt 2	K-B 5
3..K-B sq	K-B 5	6..K × P, and wins by force.	

☞ Those who have neglected to study this fine piece of Chess, have missed a rich treat both of interest and instruction.

PROBLEM NO. 95.—BY EN PRISE.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 95.

Played at the Boston Chess Club, one of its strongest players giving our contributor "Cambridge" the odds of Q Kt, which remove from the Attack.

K KT'S DEFENCE TO B'S OPENING.

Attack, Mr. ——.	Defence, Cambridge.	Attack, Mr. ——.	Defence, Cambridge.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..Q B × Kt	Q Kt × B
2..K B-Q B 4	K Kt-B 3	21..B P × P	Q-K 2
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	22..K-R sq	K R-K B sq
4..K Kt-his 5 (a)	Q B-K 3	23..P-K Kt 3	Kt-K Kt 3
5..K B × B	B P × B	24..Q-her B 4	P-K R 3
6..Kt × K 2d P	Q-K 2	25..Q-her 3 (c)	Q-K 3
7..Kt × K B	Q × Kt	26..Q R-K 2	Q R-Q sq
8..P-Q 3	Q-K 2	27..P-K B 4	Q-K R 6
9..P-Q B 3	Castles	28..Q R-K 3	Kt-K 4 (d)
10..Q-her Kt 3 +	K-R sq	29..Q P × Kt	Q P × P
11..Q × Q Kt P	Q Kt-Q 2	30..Q-K 2	Q R-Q 7
12..P-Q Kt 4	K R-Q B sq	31..P-K Kt 4	Q R × Q
13..Castles	Q Kt-K B sq	32..Q R × Q	K R × B P
14..P-K B 3	Q Kt-K 3	33..K R × R	K P × R
15..P-Q R 3 (b)	K R-Q Kt sq	34..R-Q B 3	R × K P
16..Q-her B 6	Q-K sq	35..R × Q B P	P-K B 6
17..Q-her R 6	K Kt-R 4	36..P-K R 3	R-K 8 +
18..Q R-his 2	K Kt-B 5	37..K-R 2	P-K B 7, and
19..P-Q 4	K P × P	the Attack resigns.	

(a) The Attack must have imagined he was going to win this *partie* "hand over fist," to adopt such an opening as this.

(b) All these Pawns one step, form but a tame commentary to the fierce onslaught with which he opened.

(c) More commentaries.

(d) Capitally done! From this point out our contributor plays his game in a very high style of chess.

ENIGMA NO. 95.—BY ESSEX.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq; Q at K 3; Kt at Q 7; P's at Q R 4, Q B 4, K B 3 and 5, K Kt 4, and K R 2d.

BLACK.—K at Q R 4; Q at K B 2; B's at Q sq. and Q B sq; P's at Q R 2, Q Kt 2, Q B 4, K B 3, and K at 4th.

White to play and mate in four moves.

A TIP-TOPPER.

Brilliant skirmish between Messrs. Morphy and Marache.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, N. Marache.	Defence, P. Morphy.	Attack, N. Marache.	Defence, P. Morphy.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K B to Q 3	Q B to K B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..K B × B	K Kt × B
3..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	13..B-Q R 3	Q-K Kt 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	14..B × K R	Q × K Kt
5..P-Q B 3	K B-Q R 4	15..B-Q R 3	P × Q B P
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	16..B-Q B sq	Q-K Kt 3
7..P-K 5 (a)	P-Q 4	17..B-K B 4	R-Q sq
8..P × P *en pas*	Q × Q 2d P	18..Q-her B 2	Q Kt-Q 5 (c)
9..Castles	K Kt-K 2 (b)	19..Q-K 4	K Kt-his 6, and
10..K Kt-his 5	Castles	the Attack resigned.	

(a) Rosy—but rotten; Walker would call this. "If this move," says a distinguished authority, "combined soundness with its brilliancy, then indeed were the Evans Gambit indefensible."

(b) This move renders the game particularly valuable, as being, almost directly, another addition to our stock of analyses of Col. Mead's Defence.

(c) A termination of remarkable beauty, and interest.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
21..K R to K B 4	Q R to Kt 2
22..P to K Kt 4	R to K Kt 2
23..P to K R 4	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
19..K R to K 2	P to Q R 4
20..Q to her Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3
21..B takes Kt	

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
16..P to Q 5	Q B takes Kt
17..Q P takes Kt	Q B takes K P

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
5..K Kt to B 3	Q to K 2
6..P to Q 3	Q B to K Kt 5
7..B P takes P	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

☞ TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND READERS, ONE AND ALL! WE SINCERELY WISH A "HAPPY NEW YEAR!" Accept our congratulations that our game has passed through the crisis scatheless. 'Tis true, at times our "positions" have been somewhat "critical," but how pleasing the reflect on, we have been able to find a ready solution to our perplexities. We trust our "Draughts" may continue to be "honored at sight," and that the confidence and kind feeling that have so long existed between us may only "widen and deepen" in the future. We shall continue the same course as in times past, viz: "crumbs for the fledglings," as well as "lumps of pudding for the old birds," who (we are informed) are not "caught with chaff." "Any thing on the board for four cents."

☞ Next week we shall publish a magnificent Game from "Harry of Buffalo," dedicated to Andrew Anderson, Esq., Champion of Scotland.

A CARD.

LANCASTER, Dec. 24, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* I felt somewhat curious to play over that Correspondence Match Game at Draughts between "Uncle Sam" and "Nemo;" seeing that Black wins in every instance, I expected to discover some grand secret, as I have only been able to draw with either side when closely contested.

As regards the originality of this said Game, in justice to John Drummond, Esq., of Scotland, let me offer the following remarks:

I find all the letters, A, B, C, &c., variations communicated by me to Uncle Sam, three years ago, for which I was indebted to Drummond's first edition, in 1843.

I find also in figures by Nemo, No. 2, the same as laid down in that work.

No. 3 I claim to have published with reverse of numbers, nearly one year ago, move for move, as now published, (and then original.)

No. 7, I consider to be a gross blunder. It should have been a draw from the 22d move of Black. Had I been fortunate enough to have had Drummond's first edition by me, I have no doubt I might have mentioned a few other variations that were literally the same.

Letter E is only a draw. It cannot be won, and J. D. never claimed a win on it, although *Nemo* does.

For the further information of your many Draught readers, I would say that at the 10th move of White, it can be drawn by going 23 to 19 instead of 32 to 28, and I know of no one who is better able to show a whole pile of original play at this variation, than Rough and Ready, of Buffalo.

"Nemo" would have it appear that he had been playing a regular lost game, and that his Defence had to be beaten without an if. This wholesale slaughter may do well enough for ½ minute time—or random playing—but would fall into utter insignificance, when closely analyzed.

In Defiance Game, variation F, of "Nemo's," why not go 3 to 8 and draw for Black, giving that 8 to 11 move the benefit which it deserves, namely, being safe for a drawn game?

MR. EDITOR—I have no wish to find fault with any man's productions, but when he puts them forth, and expresses an opinion that they are all O. K., then he must take the chances, should they be brought out as a budget of blunders.

This last remark is very a-pro-po with a game I once published on the "New York" opening. I gave it move for move, as played, and granting it showed a very unskillful and disastrous attack, that was no fault of mine. In the course of a few weeks after, the same opening was published by J. McL., of New York, with notes, stating that the Defence had no other living move, &c., and made out that my side should have been all whipped to pieces; which I still doubt, had I been taking care of that side. Those that keep a file of the CLIPPER will find I refer to that game played between J. McL. and Mr. D., of New York, on New York opening, which can easily be drawn, although Mr. D. had to surrender. I endorse the views of E. Hull, of Philadelphia, and remain, Yours truly, KNOW NOTHING.

A CARD.

SALEM, Mass., Dec. 17, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* Hope the following will show "Alonzo" correct on 18 to 14 move, in my Single Corner Game No. 80, New Series, dedicated to Alonzo:

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
11 to 15	22 to 18	8 to 12	24 to 19
15 22	25 18	15 24	28 19
8 11	29 25	6 10	13 14 a
4 8	25 22	10 15	19 10
10 15	24 20	16 19	23 16
12 16	21 17	12 16,	
9 13	27 24	and wins.	

a Loses instead of wins. Yours, G. R. MARDEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HARRY OF BUFFALO.—Many thanks for "Whilter." We trust you will report yourself oftener.

KNOW NOTHING.—We publish your remarks on "Nemo variations" this week. We are inclined to the opinion that friend N. has rather overdone the "thing;" but we know you will join us in the sentiment that we should "deal gently with the erring."

NEMO, Princeton, N. J.—We publish your analysis of Defiance this week. Observe the criticisms of our mutual friend Know Nothing on that "eternal" game with "infernal" variations. Look closely before forwarding games, as we shall *invariably* publish for "anatomical research," should there be sufficient interest to warrant it.

ALONZO, Salem, Mass.—That move "again." Do you mean to say that you have forgotten it? Of course not.

G. R. MARDEN, Salem, Mass.—Looking for those positions. See No. 80, new series, this week.

Foo Foo, Albany, N. Y.—The position dedicated to our "humble selves" appears this week. You must not think of leaving us entirely. Let us hear from you "once in a *while*," at least.

JERRY, Boston.—It can be done. ☞ See "Sturges on Draughts."

A LEARNER.—You will do well to learn a *leetle* more.

BOND, Cincinnati, O.—Solutions essentially correct. We do not wish to "lose sight of you."

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 173.

NEW SERIES.

BY G. R. MARDEN.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 7 to 11	15 to 8	4..23 to 27	32 to 23
2.. 3 7	24 15	5..22 17	29 22
3.. 7 10	14 7	6..17 3, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 177.

NEW SERIES.

BY E. HULL.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 16	19 to 23	4..23 to 17	30 to 27
2..16 19	23 27	5..17 22,	
3..19 24	27 32	and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 174.

NEW SERIES.

BY "MARTIN."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..31 to 26	29 to 25	22..22 to 26	25 to 30
2..13 9	25 29 A	23..18 14	30 25
3..9 6	29 25	24..14 10	25 30
4..6 2	25 29	25..10 7	30 25
5..2 6	29 25	26..7 2	25 30
6..6 10	25 29	27..2 7	30 25
7..10 15	29 25	28..7 10	25 30
8..15 18	25 29	29..10 15	30 25
9..18 22	30 25	30..15 19	25 30
10..23 18	25 30	31..26 22	30 25
11..26 23	30 25	32..23 18	25 30
12..23 19	25 30	33..20 16	30 25
13..19 15	30 25	34..22 26	25 30
14..15 10	25 30	35..18 15	30 23
15..10 7	30 25	36..19 26	12 19
16..7 3	25 30	37..15 24	29 25
17..3 7	30 25	38..24 19	25 29
18..7 10	25 30	39..19 15	29 25
19..10 15	30 25	40..15 18	25 29
20..15 19	25 30	41..18 23	21 25
21..19 23	30 25	42..26 30, and wins.	

A

		25	22	13 9	30 26
26	17	30	26	9 6	26 31
23	19	26	22	6 2	31 27
17	13	22	18	2 7	27 24
9	6	21	25	7 10,	
6	1	25	30	and wins in six moves.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 178.

NEW SERIES

BY "ON THE SQUARE."

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 4 to 8	3 to 12	4..19 to 26	30 to 23
2..15 18	14 23	5..25 22	12 19
3..17 22	26 17	6..22 31, and wins.	

GAME NO. 93.—NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER 23, 1857.

MARTIN AND E. HULL—*Gentlemen:* I must acknowledge the correctness of your remarks, and I would request you to examine the following, and report.

DEFIANCE.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	9..14 to 18	23 to 14
2.. 9 14	27 23	10..11 16	26 23
3.. 8 11	22 18	11..15 18 (1)	24 20 (2,3,4)
4..15 22	25 9	12.. 1 5	20 11
5.. 5 14	29 25	13.. 7 16	14 7
6..11 15	25 22	14.. 2 11	23 14
7.. 4 8	32 27	15..16 32	
8.. 8 11	22 17		
	(2)		
11..	30 26	15..10 17	21 14
12.. 6 9	14 5	16.. 6 9	13 6
13.. 2 6	23 16	17.. 1 17	
14..16 32	17 13		
	(3)		
11..	19 15	13..6 10	15 6
12..10 26	31 15	14..2 18	
	(4)		
11..	17 13	14.. 2 11	23 14
12..10 17	21 14	15..16 32	
13.. 7 10	14 7		

My variation F was indeed a "careless error;" but I hope this will show a draw.

16..10	15	31	27	18..9	18, and draws?
17..14	17	21	14		

They would greatly oblige me by showing the superior position, or a win, for the second side. I believe my former losing move was 11..6 to 9, but may be mistaken. NEMO.

As solutions to Positions Nos. 129 and 130 have never been given, I send on mine. Who were the composers?

No. 129.—White moving first.

1..31 to 24	2 to 11	7..27	24
2..10 7	3 10	8..32	23, and wins.
3..27 24	23 14		
4..5 1	14 5		
5..20 16	11 20		
6..12 8	4 11		

No. 130.—Black moving first.

1..18 to 23	19 to 15	6..30	26
2..23 26	25 22	7.. 9	14, and wins.
3..26 30	22 18		
4..5 9	11 8		
5..4 11	15 8		
6..30 26	18 15		

POSITION NO. 179.

NEW SERIES.

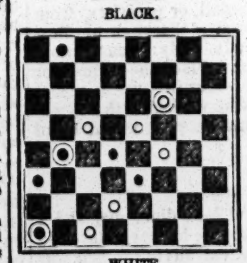
By Foo Foo.

Foo Foo's Farewell to the CLIPPER.

Dedicated to I. D. J. Sweet.

End Game.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

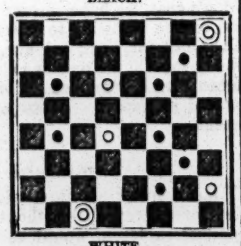
POSITION NO. 180.

NEW SERIES.

By Nemo.

Dedicated to Uncle Sam.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.	White—A. F.
9.. 6 9	22 18
10.. 1 5	26 22

MATCH GAME.

Between Foo Foo and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

WHITE—Foo Foo.

Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.

WHITE—E. F. S.

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

THESPIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This excellent club gave a brilliant entertainment at Humor Hall, on Monday evening, 21st Dec., to a large and select audience. The performances opened with Douglas Jerrold's beautiful and affecting drama of "The Rent Day." Messrs. Harrison, Nelson, Austin, Maxwell, Watmore, and Warwick, enacting the leading parts in a praiseworthy manner, particularly Harry Warwick, who, as Bullfrog, exhibited many fine points. Miss Nelson, as Rachel Heywood, was, we regret to state, exceedingly careless. Lottie Leigh was indefatigable in her exertions to do sufficient justice to her part, Polly Briggs. In "Box and Cox," Messrs. Maxwell, Watmore, and Miss King, contributed much to the merriment of the evening. Harry Warwick next appeared in a scene from Monk Lewis' poem of the "Maniac," in which he faithfully depicted the horrors and miseries endured in a mad-house. It was the most skillful piece of acting we ever witnessed upon the private boards, and in consideration thereof, we have set him down "a head o' the heap." He was called before the curtain, and greeted with tremendous cheers, to which he responded in a brief but neat speech. The performances concluded with the comedy of "His Last Legs," Mr. Harrison doing O'Callahan, the Irish genius, in a style not quite up to the mark, yet sufficiently good to convince us that he could have done better. Ned Irving was excellent. The talented Miss King, as Mrs. Montague, was quite successful. We are indebted to the worthy President, Mr. Nelson, for the special invitation sent us to attend the performance. Since the introduction of our criticisms in the CLIPPER, we have noticed with infinite pleasure that it is eagerly sought for by the amateurs, and we congratulate ourselves that such is the fact. Heretofore, the dramatic associations were without a medium to advocate their cause, until the gentlemanly editor and proprietor of the CLIPPER, MR. FRANK QUEEN, with his usual good grace, consented to devote a portion of his valuable paper to promote their interests and elevate their name in the estimation of an enlightened community, thus securing an object, long and anxiously looked for, and we hope the trio, MR. QUEEN, the CLIPPER, and the AMATEURS, will, during their existence, be linked in unison, and may the first and the last never have occasion to find the second unworthy of their attention.

DRAMATIC CLUBS.—The number of dramatic clubs in this city is twelve, namely: Murdoch, Thespian, Shakespeare, Burton, Wallack, G. L. Fox, J. R. Scott, E. Booth, E. L. Davenport, J. H. Allen, Laura Keene, and Frivoli, averaging twenty members each. We heartily wish them one and all a Happy New Year, and may the CLIPPER ere the exit of '58, be the chronicler of many a gifted graduate.

AMATEUR CRITIC.

THE LAST PRIZE CONCERT.—MR. EDITOR.—I beg leave to state on behalf of the Æolian Serenaders, that their performance was voluntary, and had nothing to do with the rest of the entertainment; and that our manager, Mr. Nichols, did all in his power to urge upon the competitors to do their part, notwithstanding the non-appearance of the two gold watches. By giving this a place in your valuable columns you will oblige us. S. E. MACFARLANE, and members of the Æolian.

THE holidays are over, and, consequently, there is now somewhat of a lull in the world of amusements. Each establishment will be compelled to put forth all its available talent to attract large audiences. The fine company at Burton's are well worthy the support they receive. Brother Brougham's benefit on New Year's Eve, was well attended. The new comicality, "Columbus," is not relished quite so well as "Pocahontas." On New Year's night while one of the crew of the ship in which Columbus sails was aloft on the look out, the mast encountered a gale of wind or something else, and the whole thing came down by the run, nearly knocking Mrs. Davenport overboard; the lady was considerably frightened and so was the man aloft.

Wallack's is still running the "Poor of New York," although the houses are but moderate. A "new" five act drama is being rehearsed, and will probably be brought out next week. T. B. Johnston had a ripping benefit on Monday, because he "runs with George Washington, No. 4." Tom must have "counted in" a pretty "smart chance" of dingbats. Well, he is deserving of all he received.

The *first* farewell testimonial to Thalberg, on the 2d, having proved "a go," the receipts being $4,000, Manager Ullman, who is always on the look out for chances, gave the *second* farewell, on the following Monday evening, but the good folks did'nt turn out quite so lively as they did on the previous occasion, and the "little Jew" was let down slightly. We get a cheap night at the opera occasionally, but who would be seen there then? Its unfashionable, its unaristocratic, and, in fact, its "dem'd low." So the "fifty centers" don't count up very largely.

Laura Keene brought out Tom Taylor's last new comedy, called the "Unequal Match," on Monday evening last, the fair manageress appearing as Hester Grazebrook. Folks liked it. The "Corsican Brothers" has been withdrawn, and the sooner the pantomime is shelved the better. Neither of these pieces proved attractive. Little Miss Manners is in her old place again.

"Bryants" is literally run down with patrons of late, and the entire company seem to be constantly improving. At each performance there is something new and laughable to amuse, and this it is that keeps up the "great run upon the Mechanic's." In the various lines of business, the members of the Bryant troupe, taken as a whole, have no equals.

Mr. Sothern, late of Wallack's, has completed his company, and departed for Halifax, N. S., where he will shortly re-open the theatre at that place. We trust the season may prove as profitable as the last.

Benefits are the order of the night at Wallack's. That shows that the times are sadly out of joint, for benefits are generally given when the houses are not good.

"Valentine and Orson" is having a good run at Barnum's. It is gotten up in showy style.

Buckley's Serenaders have again cove in at their new hall. The business did not pay. They have now leased Christy & Wood's old hall, 444 Broadway, which they hope to make a permanent place of business.

Charley White and his company are still in Brooklyn, playing to middling houses.

The Bowery has struck a rich vein, by uniting dramatic with equestrian performances, such as were *promised* at the Broadway. Manager Eddy has just produced the national drama of "Putnam, the Iron Son of '76," with the trained horse Black Eagle, and an entire stud of horses. Mr. A. W. Fenno is at this establishment. The business is excellent.

The National is doing well with its show pieces, pantomimes, &c. Brother Purdy's complimentary testimonial was arranged for the 6th inst., when an extra bill of fare was promised.

The audiences at the Broadway theatre are thinning off, and no wonder, for there is but little change in the entertainments, and therefore still less change in the treasury. Bring on the gladiators, and let's have the combats.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Old Sol Smith is in Mobile. He commenced a short engagement at the theatre in that city on the 29th Dec.

Mrs. McMahon gives a dramatic reading in Morrisiania on the 6th, assisted by Mr. Loraine and others.

Miss J. M. Davenport has been playing Juliet to Miss Denvil's Romeo, in Savannah.

Miss Cornelia Jefferson is with the Walnut Street company, in Philadelphia. "She's little, but oh—"

On the occasion of Mr. W. H. Smith's benefit, at the Boston Museum, on Monday evening last, a young lady of Boston, Mrs. Ann E. Ferguson, was to have made her first appearance on any stage.

The Baltimore Museum is up for sale, freight, or charter. It can be purchased cheap for cash, on reasonable terms.

General Tom Thumb, who does not grow a mite larger, nor a day "younger," is preparing for a tour through Scotland and Ireland.

The everlasting Siamese twins are exhibiting again. A few days ago, as they were going to Charleston, the conductor made a fuss because they did not each have a ticket. The gentleman who had charge of them said that they had always been carried on the ticket of a single passenger. The conductor replied that they were two persons and occupied two seats; they must, therefore, pay two passages. "Very well," said the gentleman, "I will give the ticket to Chang and you can put Eng off the cars." This brought the conductor to his senses, and he "knocked under."

The Christy Minstrels are doing a rousing business in London. Their hall is nightly thronged, and their entertainments have become a feature in the amusements of the great city.

Spalding and Rogers' Circus was to "show" in Mobile on Monday last.

Wm. Ellis, formerly an actor of "old men" at the Museum and Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, is said to be at present an inmate of one of the insane institutions near that city.

Mr. Forrest, whom the press and telegraph together endeavored to annihilate, is yet alive, and his "voice is still for war." He is worth a dozen dead men.

The great American circus was in Dublin, at last accounts, where, also, was Gordon Cumming, the Lion Slayer.

B. Conev, the dog-star, died recently in Chicago.

Wm. T. Thomas, better known as W. T. Moncrieff, a popular English dramatist, died on the 3d of December, in the 63d year of his age. Mr. Moncrieff had been blind for some twenty years, yet while in a state of total blindness he translated and versified some half dozen operas, &c. To do this he had the original read to him, then he dictated the first rough translation, which he had read and re-read till he had thoroughly mellowed the meaning in his mind, so as to throw it into a versified form, when it was again committed by himself to paper for the printers, which he would do by a peculiar system of folding the "copy," so as to ensure the evenness of the lines.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway are performing in Philadelphia, at the Walnut.

Mr. W. Davidge took a benefit at the Boston Theatre on the 1st.

Mr. John Dyott has made a ten-strike in Charleston, S. C. He will doubtless soon become an established favorite in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams concluded a profitable engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on the 13th, and were followed on the 15th by Mr. Roberts, the American tragedian.

Report says that the Rosalie Durand opera troupe will shortly appear at the Philadelphia Academy of Music.

Still later from Lola Montez. "It is said" that this lady has gone to Europe without her "new husband." Now, who'd a thunk it?

Another member of the gifted family of the Kembles is about to become a candidate for public favor as a vocalist. Miss Kemble, whose name appears in the list of principal performers in Handel's Messiah at St. Martin's Hall, London, for 16th Dec., is a daughter of the late John Mitchell Kemble, the eminent Anglo-Saxon scholar.

Miss Avonia Jones, who has been playing in Richmond, Va., is highly spoken of by the press of that city.

Isn't it astonishing what a number of eminent tragedians, celebrated comedians, etc., this country turns out? And isn't it equally marvellous that we seldom hear of these celebrities in this "glorious kedntry" until they announce themselves in Europe? Almost every arrival brings us intelligence of the doings of some fresh American aspirant for histrionic fame in England. The latest that we hear of is a "Miss Charlotte Wyette, the American tragedienne." The paternal ancestor of the young lady thus announces "who she is," and "what she has done," as we find it recorded in the London Era:—"I have just arrived by the latest steamer from America, with my daughter, on a professional visit to England, and by the advice of Mr. Roxby, Mr. Charles Kean, Mr. Phelps, and other distinguished gentlemen of the theatrical world, I have decided on her making her appearance in a provincial theatre, and playing a round of engagements through the provinces, previous to her appearance in London. She is now but eighteen years of age, and has been for the last four years the leading star of America in tragedy and comedy; acknowledged by all to be the most brilliant actress that ever trod the American boards; and predict for her the most decided success in England, &c., &c." Now we think that Messrs. Kean, Phelps, Roxby, and others, exhibited a great want of discernment of the abilities of "the most brilliant actress that ever trod the American boards," when they advised her to first take up with provincial engagements. Why, gentlemen, were you afraid to compete with "the leading star of America" in your own city? Fie!

The "split" in the "Ordway Minstrels," at Boston, continues as at previous advices. The "split" may do for a fittle while, but the prestige attached to the name of Ordway, combined with the managerial tact of that gentleman, will doubtless carry him through the "dark" ordeal, and enable him to hold his own in the city where he has been so long and favorably known.

King, the great leaper, and Kincaide, the unrivaled "somersetter," are with Dan Rice in Baltimore. Rumor has it that Rice and his entire circus company are shortly to appear in this city. It was stated some time since that they were to locate in Philadelphia. Wonder which is correct.

A new and original American comedy is underlined at Burton's. Well, there, that will be a novelty, sure.

Mr. Chanfrau is now performing in Cincinnati. He will next appear in New York.

Jenny Lind has lately given concerts at Dresden. An American stopping there, authorized his landlord to pay $70 for the first ticket—the Genin and Dodge "dodge."

Sanford's Opera House, in Philadelphia, has been visited by upwards of 20,000 persons since the holiday pantomime was first brought out. The piece is still running.

Vestvali has been reaping a harvest at Matamzus, singing "Romeo and Juliet" with Landi. They go next to New Orleans.

Miss Matilda Heron commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening last, and appeared as Evadne, in the Maid's Tragedy. She is supported by Mr. H. F. Daly.

Mr. McKean Buchanan opened at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 4th, supported by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thorne, and Miss Sallie St. Clair.

THE TRIGGER.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

CITY OF READING, Jan. 4th, 1858.

DEAR FRANK: The struggle of old '57, terrific as it was: the thundering peals of his death knell rung in our ears, and the clouds of darkness gathered thick, as if there was to be no successor; yet still we were not deterred from fulfilling the promise we made some time ago to our old piece as it stood in its dusty corner. Accordingly, we made a start about 11 o'clock, December 31st, accompanied by Joseph B. Marsh and another friend, a staunch veteran of the old school. Amid the howlings of old Boreas, the dark canopy above, and the mire beneath, we wended our footsteps to Ruscommanor Township, Berks Co., Pennsylvania, and took up quarters at the Rising Sun Hotel, a famous place of ours in days long since gone by. It was natural at the close of the year that we should indulge in some reflections of the past, as we gazed upon a place where, (with many who have retired to the peaceful bosom of mother earth, among whom may be mentioned *that late gallant disciple, Colonel Rounsford,*) we have glutted ourself to repletion with the sports of the field. We cast aside these reflections, and attended to our immediate wants from the well-stored bar of our host, Nicholas Heckman. In the meantime supper was being prepared, a desideratum we devoutly wished, to which we did ample justice, (after the announcement supper is ready.) To say the least of which would be: it was more than we desired, (not forgetting our canine stock.) We now retired to the bar-room, and there met a fellow-townsman, (George Pfleger,) who is teaching the young idea how to germinate. With him we enjoyed some pleasant conversation, and now the hour of adjournment arrived, (all things having been arranged for our next day's adventure,) we took our *night caps* from the bar, took a farewell glance at the dying year, and retired to the soft and balmy embrace of Morpheus.

We arose a little after 4 o'clock to welcome the new born year, and greet each other with the salutation incident to the occasion, not forgetting to take a few "smiles" as treats from our host.

> "For the morn that saw creation's birth,
> Than this was not more fair,
> Or more serene the cloudless sky,
> Or milder vernal air."

You may judge of our anticipations of sport to be thus favored with a day so promising. An early breakfast of course was bespoken, and while it was being prepared we were arranging our ammunition, and attending in fact to all things requisite to consummate the preliminaries, *not even forgetting an extra flask.*

After feasting ourselves with a bounteous breakfast, which did credit to our hostess, and discharging our obligations for entertainment, we sallied forth to Furnace Hill, a distance of two miles from our place of stopping, from the summit of which we had a magnificent view of the surrounding scenery, and saw hill towering above hill, until in the far off perspective one seemed to touch the sun, which was then just beginning to shed its effulgent rays over nature's broad expanse, which rendered the landscape the most captivating and enchanting it was ever our pleasure to behold. We indulged in the luxury of the scene, and with the poet exclaimed—

> "Great and marvellous are all thy works,
> In wisdom hast thou made them all."

We now descended into the valley, which, *according to report,* abounded with ruffed grouse. After searching a considerable time without success, with a dog whose qualities are of the first order, he finally came to a dead stand. It would more than require the pencil of a Ruben's to describe the scene. In a thick chapperel, to find a convenient spot wherewith to catch a glimpse at the bird, and secure it when in its effort to escape, requires more philosophy than a *trinity of tyroes* can command; but having lost the indiscretions of youth, and their concomitant attendants, we deliberately assumed positions; soon the whirring noise of a grouse was heard, and having risen above the dense under wood, and assumed an horizontal course, the death messenger was discharged, and as fine a bird as ever graced a bag fell to our lot. Pursuing our course leisurely, affording our dog time to quarter the ground, we were soon blessed with another of his bold positions; this bird was very shy and took wing at a distance of at least 30 yards. Notwithstanding the distance, and its *rapid flight,* it also became a portion of our spoils. We now felt ourselves entitled to a shot from the *extra flask,* and, in harmony with said feeling, you may be sure we acted. Our sport progressed pretty much in the same way (with an occasional failure) until we had bagged four brace weighing 12½ lbs. At this juncture our sport had arrived at its culminating point. The barking of *curs,* and the booming of semi-cannon, told to our sorrow that a host of rabbit hunters were immediately in advance, and at the very spot where we expected to cap the climax of our adventure. As a consequence, the birds were driven from favored haunts and sought refuge from their serenaders amid the cliffs and peaks of adjacent and impassable hills. Nevertheless, we continued in search until about 4 o'clock P. M. without a feather to reward our toil—of course occasionally attempting to revive our drooping spirits with that *extra flask.* Thus ended the adventure of your correspondent and companions.

Allow us now, in conclusion, to say that our shooting season is closed, and our guns closeted for a while; that not a single partridge during the whole season have we shot. We also congratulate others who have acted likewise. On the other hand, we must say that we hold in the most ineffable scorn those *reckless destroyers* who boast of having *slaughtered hundreds of partridges* for marketable purposes. An illustrious house, *from the host of which we hoped better things,* (from his sporting predilections,) *is the principal patron* of these worthless crusaders against the partridge tribe.

We also congratulate the members of the Philadelphia Association for the Preservation of Game, the moral influence of which is now having its effect among the hucksters of our county. We say unto them onward with a glorious career. The cause is worthy of their intelligence and humanity. We hope ere long to emulate their illustrious example, by forming a similar institution in Old Berks. And now, Frank,

> We greet thee with the season's old line
> Which says merry holidays to thee and to thine,
> And though cold frosted winter has spread his wild howl,
> May you long taste the joys of the Fair and the Fowl.

PIGEON FEATHER, *et Comes.*

SHOOTING IN OLD BERKS.—Reading, December 29th, 1857.—FRIEND CLIPPER: For the preceding week or ten days there has been a whispering and nodding of a mysterious character amongst the shooters of our place that aroused a suspicion in my mind of something in the wind. By keeping a close look out on "second-day Christmas," I saw a party wending their way down the *Banks* of the Schuylkill, equipped with all the appliances for a pigeon match. By dodging behind the pine bushes, I was enabled to follow the party to "Hemick's" Island; and there having snugly ensconced myself in a willow bush, I had an uninterrupted view of the proceedings. The day was intensely cold, with a perfect storm of wind and snow from the South West. The first part of the programme was to build a huge fire, which I enjoyed at a distance, and then to take an observation of the Heavens, (by all the party,) through the bottom of a queer looking flask. [Note! the last lookers had the clearest view.] Finally, after all the necessary preliminaries were gone through with, the first bird was put in the trap at 10 o'clock precisely, and the ball opened in good style:

SUMMARY.

The Old Flock	1110011	5 out of 7
Chip of Old Block	1110111	6 out of 7
Connaught Rogue	0100101	3 out of 7
Bin Pretzel	1100000	2 out of 7
The Tinker's Dog	1011001	4 out of 7
Totals		20 25

This being merely a practising party, for the purpose of receiving a certain Schuylkill county shooter, who was expected in a few days, there was nothing at stake but the birds.

The shooting being over, I gathered myself up and started for home, wondering what was the charm in the sport that could induce a party to turn out in such weather to pursue it. Yours truly, HERALD.

A PRIVATE PIGEON SHOOTING took place on Saturday, 2d inst, at Neidly's, at 8 pigeons, 1⅛ oz. shot, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, from ground trap. The birds were all good flyers, selected expressly for the shooter, who acquitted himself in a masterly manner. The following is a correct summary:

E. J. R. 10111111—7 out of 8.

His second bird fell apparently dead within 15 yards from the trap, and whilst the gatherer was approaching, it rose and flew off, to the utter astonishment of the spectators, and the sad disappointment of the shooter.

"An amicable match is in embryo between the above disciple of the trigger and your humble correspondent, which I shall chronicle to you in due time, anticipating a defeat." Nevertheless I shall contend, (with a star shot,) for the palm of victory. "My motto is, let him wear the palm, who best deserves it."

PIGEON FEATHER.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—Reading, Berks Co., January 3, 1858.—MY DEAR CLIPPER—Having received an invitation a few days since to accompany the "Minnie Rifle Club" on an excursion to Womelsdorf, for the purpose of Target practice, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, as I am a dear lover of shooting of any kind, but particularly off hand Rifle Shooting, where the man stands upright as all good men should, but more especially a Rifleman. At about 11 o'clock A. M., we arrived at the theatre of action, where the first act of the performance was the putting away of as fine a dinner as hungry men could wish for; provided by our host, Major Sheetz, who by the way is a *host* in himself.

As soon as sundry *healths* were disposed of, each man shouldered his shooting iron and repaired to the field. The first shooting was at bounds 65 yards, off hand, and was very creditable to the club; this was soon succeeded by Turkey Shooting at same distance, in this fashion—the gobbler is placed in a box with only his head in sight, the shooter steps up to the *base,* pays for his shot, and pops away—if he draws blood, he wins the bird, when another is substituted until the end of the chapter. The first "he" stood fire like a soldier, not being killed until the 20th shot; but after the boys had found out how to do it, you would have thought they were all Russians, by the way they invaded Turkey.

The rifles used were made by John Krider, of Philadelphia, and in the hands of their present owners will never cause him to be ashamed to acknowledge them as specimens of his handicraft. The gent who won the most turkeys received his "shooting education" of Mahlon Warne, of pistol and rifle gallery notoriety, of the good city of brotherly love.

When peace was declared, i. e., when turkey could not come to time any more, the club adjourned to the parlor of the Major, and, after passing a vote of thanks for his hospitality, elected him an honorary member of their body, and voted him a rifle. These proceedings being made known to the Major by the President of the club, Capt. S. E. Ancona, he replied to them in his usual happy manner; when the party took their departure for home, all seemingly well pleased with the manner in which they had spent the first day of the New Year. For myself, I must say, I was particularly pleased with the day's sport, as it was an evidence to me that, some of these days, we may expect to see off hand rifle shooting in Berks County. Yours, &c., HERALD.

ITEMS OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

From the London Field.

BIRCHIN GREY GAME FOWL.

Having observed a question in your paper, asked by some game amateur as to the meaning of the term "Birchen Grey Duckwings," or "Birchen Greys," I beg to state that such a term is inadmissable, "birchin," or straw, being a word used in contradistinction to grey, so that there are Grey Duckwings as well as Birchin Duckwings, and no grey can be a birchen, nor a birchen a grey. The Grey Duckwing Cock has a saddle nearly the same color as his hackles, and the hens are of a fine silvery color; legs willow, olive, or blue. The *Birchin* Duckwings Cock has a *coffee or reddish* saddle; hens *brownish* on the wings and some other parts; legs often *yellow,* proving that they were originally a cross between the *yellow* legged, Black-breasted Red Cock and the Olive-legged Grey Duckwing Hen. The *Smoky-winged* Birchens, are in like manner a cross between the *Brown Red* Cock and *Dark Grey* Hen. The *Grey* Duckwings are a pure and original breed. Lord Hill's stock are considered the best in England. The *Dark Greys* are also original, but seem rather rare at present. The *Cock* should not be black-breasted of this latter breed.—NEWMARKET.

RIFLE PRACTICE.

I advise "Rifle Shot" never, on any account, to move the back sight of his rifle, after it is once properly and *firmly* fixed in the centre of the barrel. The back sight is, generally speaking, a very prominent object; and, if moved to one side or the other, it destroys the smart appearance of the rifle. If it shoots to one side or the other, let him move the *front* sight in the same direction; that is, if it shoots to the right, move the front sight a little to the right, as, by that means, when taking aim, he will move the axis of the muzzle a little to the left. If it shoots to the left, by moving the front sight to the left, the axis of the barrel will be moved to the right.—J. BOUCHER.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

Take eggs fresh from the nest, place them in a tub or pan, and pour boiling water over them; let them remain in it five seconds, take them out, and when perfectly dry pack them in boxes of bran. I do not know that they will keep for twelve months, having never tried so long; but I have followed the plan for three years successively, and I kept some last year seven months, and they were perfectly fresh. I found the receipt in an old book. They must be perfectly fresh, for one stale egg will spoil a whole box.—ANNE.

WHEN DOES A PULLET BECOME A HEN?

A female fowl is considered a "pullet" until she is one year old, whether she has produced eggs previously or not. Pullets' eggs are well known to be considerably smaller than hens' eggs; and pullets often commence laying at six months old, if hatched in March or April. We game-breeders, however, consider them to be pullets till they have passed their second Christmas. In like manner a male bird is a "cock chicken" until after his first Christmas; then a "stag" until his second Christmas; and after that a "cock."—NEWMARKET.

SPANISH FOWLS AND THEIR FACES.

Our correspondent A. B. wishes to know the meaning of "delicate quality," as applied to the face of a Spanish fowl. We understand by it a smooth, kid-like texture, opposed to a rough, coarse, and much puckered appearance. He also wishes to know the cause of the serrations of the comb turning black. This is sometimes from cold, and often from the bird being out of condition. The best preventive is a sheltered house and good feeding; generous feeding is good at moulting time. In reply to the third query, weight is decidedly an important point, and we shall be much obliged to any Spanish breeder who will tell our correspondent "what weights good Spanish should attain to."

TREATMENT OF BROKEN KNEES.

Mr. J. Brown, M.R.C.V.S., London, writes that he has found the following powder very efficacious in the healing of wounds of the knee of the horse, caused by falling:—R. hydrarg. bichlorid, 1 oz.; pulv. zinci sulph., pulv. alumin., bol. armen., aa 1 oz. M. "I employ," he says, "no bandages nor any kind of compress over the wound, as I consider that these rather retard than otherwise the healing process, by impeding the circulation; not to say anything of the confined pus, which is often of a fetid character, and which they keep for days in contact with the part. By the treatment I advocate, an eschar is soon produced on the surface of the wound, and under it the healing process quickly goes on. Perhaps I cannot do better than illustrate what I mean by narrating very concisely the following case:—In the beginning of October of the present year, a horse belonging to a town carman, fell and broke both his knees. The off-knee was the most lacerated. After cleansing the wounds thoroughly from all extraneous matter, such as dirt or gravel, I sprinkled the parts over with the powder, ordered that he should be placed in a loose box, and put on a mash diet. On the following day an aperient was given. By this treatment an eschar was soon produced on the surface of the wound, and the suppurative process went steadily on. The wound of the off-knee required a frequent removal of the pus, and this I gently squeesed out with a sponge, without displacing the eschar. The wounds very soon healed, leaving a much less cicatrix than is usual in such cases. I believe that this simple treatment, if persevered in, would cut short many a long and tedious case of that kind."—From *The Veterinarian* (Monthly Magazine) for December.

A BIG STORY AND A BIG MAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Cairo (Ill.) paper gets off the following genuine specimen of big talking. It beats Davy Crocket:

John Waterbury, a brakesman on Tom Fay's train, is an original genius and a remarkable man; his weight is two hundred and eighty, raw boned, with a dangerous spread in the stifle, broad shouldered, strong jawed, with a fist that has half horse-power. When they whistle down breaks, he brings up the train so sudden that it often breaks the coupling chains. When he eats, he takes enough for six men, and he drinks whiskey out of a quart cup, then knocks the landlord through a board fence or inside of a house if he wants any pay. He is under a five hundred dollar bond not to strike a man at Sandoval for fear of injuring the buildings, they being slightly built. His hair is as coarse as hay, and stands up like the quills of a "fretful porcupine." It takes two tablecloths to wipe his nose, and he generally feeds himself with a scoop shovel and pitchfork. When he exerts himself in a trip, he usually accumulates fourteen pounds and six ounces of dirt and lamp oil, and is not allowed to wash himself in any stream smaller than the Wabash, for fear of the cholera.

Once when old Jenks cursed him, he turned in and whipped nineteen men out of revenge. He has to ride with his back to the car and let his toes stick out over the platform, it being too narrow for the length of his feet. His great toe looks like a sea turtle's head, and his nose like a young robin held by the head with the big end down, brilliant and pitted like a ripe strawberry; his eyes have a twinkle of good humor and a fascination for the fair. The skin of his face lays in folds, like the skin of a rhinoceros; his teeth look like cogs in a mill wheel; he has to have his hat made to order, and when he loses it he wears a water bucket, with the bail under his chin. He will travel this summer, but can be seen for a few days at Sandoval, free of charge. He thinks he "dead heads" his living, but the company secretly pays Mr. Merritt a dollar a meal.

DON'T LIKE THEM.—Imitations of Dr. Gouraud's cosmetics, and there are many of them, only have the effect, by contrast, to show the vast superiority of the genuine over the spurious article. Since the Doctor's Hair Dye has become so popular, the market is almost flooded with imitations, but the imitation extends no further than the name, for while the Doctor's Dye really possesses all that is promised for it, the others, in nearly every instance, injure both hair and skin—so too with other cosmetics. If you wish the genuine article of Medicated Soap, Hair Dye, Liquid Rouge, Poudres Subtiles, &c, purchase of Dr. Gouraud, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; in Philadelphia, of T. R. Callender, 88 South Third street; or of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

WHAT ARE STRIPPERS?

IS AN INQUIRY OFTEN ADDRESSED TO ME. TO SUCH I WOULD answer that Strippers are cards made in such a manner that a person can stock, while shuffling, four aces for himself (if playing poker) and four kings for his opponent, or give his antagonist any other good hand in this or any other game that he (his antagonist) will be likely to bet on, and yet give himself a better one. Wedge Strippers are adapted to Poker and Euchre; Straight, to Whist and All Fours. Price, $1 per pack; $8 per dozen; $65 per gross. Marked Cards at the same prices. Marked Strippers, combining all the advantages of Marked Cards and Strippers, thus leaving no earthly chance for any one to beat you, $1.50 per pack; $12 per dozen; $110 per gross.
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THE BEST CHANCE FOR A LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO MAKE money, without interfering with their regular business, ever offered. Full particulars free. Address C. E. TODD, New York.

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RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND PUBLIC GENERally, that he is now settled in his new quarters, Cayuga Hotel, McComb's Dam Road, corner 151st street and 8th avenue, where he will be happy to see them at all times. Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the finest brands, always on hand. Refreshments served up at all hours, at short notice.

The CLIPPER, Bell's Life, and various other papers, kept on file.

The road has been admirably prepared by Mr. William Goodhart, to whose care and attention the friends of riding for pleasure are indebted. 39

TO THOSE THAT PLAY FOR MONEY.

FULL AND COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS TO WIN ANY AND EVERY Game in Bluff or Poker; All Fours, Seven Up, or Old Sledge; Whist; Euchre; Loo; Brag; Cribbage; Forty Fives; Casino, &c., &c. Also cheats in Billiards, Tenpins, Three-card Monte, Thimble Rig, Dice, Dice-tops, Logs, Props, Faro, Roulette, Rouge et Noir, Sweat, California Lottery, Bagatelle, Dominoes, Chess, Checquers, Backgammon, Tossing Money so as it will land head or tail (as you wish) every time, &c. All the above I will send to any address for 25 cents. Marked Cards, Strippers, Wedge or Straight, $1 per pack, with full directions how to use them. Dozen packs $8. The famous "Arkansas Trick Cards," made only in the North by myself, 25 cents per pack; dozen packs $2. HURDIS YELL,
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Introducing a new variety of

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ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY, &c., &c.

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In a variety of Comicalities.

Doors open at 7—Concert commence at 8. Admission 25 cents.

TALK OF 3-CARD MONTE, THIMBLE RIG, PATENT SAFE, AND all of those games, they can't be compared with the inimitable Arkansas Trick Cards, now being introduced throughout the North, by HURDIS YELL, of Springfield, Mass. Send him a quarter, and get a pack; or $2, and get a dozen packs. 1t-37.

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SEND 25 CENTS TO HURDIS YELL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND get his full and complete instructions for winning at all the popular games with Cards, &c., as advertised in the New York CLIPPER of Dec. 5 and 26. 1t-37

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SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND THREE RED STAMPS TO GUSTAVUS M. HOWARD, Boston Post Office, and he will inform you of a sure method of winning at all the various games. 4t-37

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SARGENT, IRISH, MEXICAN, SEFTON, COUNTERFEIT, NATIVE, Spanish, Sumatra, Earl Derbys; also, five pairs silver laced Sebright Bantams, three pairs Pheasant Bantams, six pairs white silkey fowls of Japan, six pairs pouter Pigeons, three pairs white Guinea Fowls, three pairs white Turkeys. Address
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The CLIPPER and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 rocs.-34

GAME FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE A great variety of GAME FOWLS, comprising English, Irish, Sefton, Natives, Sumatras, Wild Indian, Indian, Mountain, and a fine lot of Stags bred from my imported fowls that were imported from Thomas Roscoe, Gamekeeper for the second and late Earl of Derby, in steamship North America. Also one pair of the old ones.
32-1mo. L. B. LEGG, Dover, N. H.

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A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY TO YOUNG MEN.

"The glory of a young man
Is his strength."

From the Sunday Dispatch, New York, Aug. 24, 1857:

"Our readers are aware that we seldom, if ever, recommend any medical publication, if not endorsed by the very highest authority. As such an instance we may mention DR. CULVERWELL'S *new publication on Nervous Debility* and other *weaknesses,* the result of early indiscretion. It is a small but valuable Pamphlet. His preparations, the "REGENERATOR" and "NERVINE," are now considered the sole and only effectual remedies extant for the complaints referred to.

DR. CULVERWELL'S SEMINAL REGENERATOR AND ROYAL NERVINE, the sovereign remedies for Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Piles, &c., are for sale by F. WELLS & Co., 118 Franklin street, New York; and most of the leading Druggists in the country.

DR. C.'s PAMPHLET, as above, containing full advices for the cure of Spermatorrhea, &c., can be had, in a secure envelope, by enclosing 4 stamps to Dr. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, 1st Avenue, corner 19th street, New York, Post Box No. 4586. 27-3m

ART AND SCIENCE OF MANUAL DEFENCE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS patrons and the public that he is now ready to give instructions in the noble art of Self-Defence, at his spacious rooms, 298 Centre street. Those wishing to form themselves into classes will do well to apply immediately, as delay may preclude the possibility of their being admitted. Terms moderate; and every possible facility given for the prosecution of this healthy and invigorating exercise.
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THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, SERgeant, Bull-Calf, Sefton, Champions, Counterfeit, and Tartar; the two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities, have no equals. Price, $3 for one stag, or $5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. B. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office.

P. S.—Fowls can be sent safe by express. 11-3m

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AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 10, 1857. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not in any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely-adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all bagging or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country.

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Merry Wives of London; a Picture of Licentiousness of the Court	2
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Fanny Miller, the Lady in Flesh-colored Tights	2
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We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 13-1m

LIFE AND BATTLES OF

TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER,

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1829.

SPRING, on Tom Cribb's retiring from the field, considered himself as the Champion; and, soon after his conquest over Oliver, in order that it might not afterwards be brought against him he had left the Prize Ring on the sly, offered, by public advertisement, March 25, 1821, a challenge to all England for three months. This challenge not having been accepted by any boxer, although he offered to fight Neat for £500 a side, on August 19, nearly five months after the period stated, he entered into articles of agreement of a more tender kind, and made a match for life, with a young lady of most respectable character and connections in life in Herefordshire.

Three months had elapsed in idle reports respecting another match between Spring and Neat, when the following paragraph appeared in a well-known paper, addressed to the Fancy, which set the matter in dispute at rest:

The great match, as "long looked for," is made at last; and nothing else but fighting, so the Judges assert, is now meant on both sides. The stakes, although heavy, are nothing by comparison to the honor of the Championship, which this battle will decide.

The following are the articles agreed to:

"CASTLE TAVERN, HOLBORN, Wednesday, March 12, 1822.

"William Neat agrees to fight Thomas Spring, for £200 a side, in a 24-feet ring, half a minute time To be a fair stand-up fight; to take place on Tuesday, the 20th day of May. The money to be placed in the hands of Mr. Jackson. The place and distance from London to be left entirely to Mr. Jackson. An umpire to be chosen by each party, and a referee to be named on the ground. Fifty pounds a side is now deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson. Fifty pounds a side more to be deposited on Monday, the 31st of March, at Mr. Belcher's, Castle Tavern; and the remainder of the stakes of £100 a side to be completed on Monday, the 5th of May, also at Mr. Belcher's. The above stakes to be put down between the hours of eight and eleven o'clock on each evening. The above deposit, or deposits, to be forfeited, in case of either party not appearing on the specified evenings, to make the money good.

"T. Belcher signed on the part of W. Neat, and a well-known gentleman amateur for T. Spring.

"Witness—P. E."

SPORTING DINNESS.

Tom Cribb had a jolly party on Monday, 5th of May, 1822; and so had Tom Belcher. Spring was Cribb's hero, and Neat the attractive man at the Castle Tavern. Harmony was the leading feature at both houses, although milling was the subject. The stakes were made good for £200 a side, and were deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson. Spring, in the course of the evening, made his bow to the company; he was well received, and his health drank with great spirit and liberality. The same compliment was also paid to Neat, notwithstanding his absence. Mr. Belcher gave up £15 to Spring, respecting Neat's forfeit at Bristol; therefore all disputes concerning money matters were settled. Spring offered to bet £100, according to Neat's challenge; but Belcher said, "he had no authority to put down any money then; however, on the morning of fighting, Neat should bet him £100." "No!" replied Spring, "I am ready to bet the £100 now; but I shall have something else to do on the morning of the fight." Both of the combatants were extremely fond of the match, and both Spring and Neat displayed the highest confidence in the event. Even betting was about the state of the thing. Spring, within the last few days, got up for choice. At Bristol, the odds were highly upon Neat.

The above pugilistic contest excited an unsual degree of interest throughout the numerous sporting circles in the Kingdom, in consequence of the repeated disappointments the Fancy had experienced, by forfeitures and other unexpected circumstances. Great doubts were also expressed up to the last moment, and several bets were likewise laid that no fight would take place between Spring and Neat. Within a few days, too, of the appointed time, some of the beaks of the counties of Berks, Wilts, and Somerset, discovered much bad taste by issuing their fakements to prevent an exhibition of this branch of the "fine arts" being displaying at any of the above places alluded to; and the above face painters were compelled, contrary to their love of good manners, to brush off *sans ceremonie*. The Fancy were thus at fault and full of grief, to ascertain the right road. Mr. Jackson's *chateau*, at Pemlico, was literally besieged by the Corinthians on the Saturday previous to the fight, May 17, 1822; and the whole of the day his knocker was continually in motion, so great was the anxiety, and inquiries after the mill. It was more like the fate of two nations contending for glory, than a mere prize battle between two of the best natured, harmless fellows in the Kingdom. Pierce Egan's "tiny crib" had also lots of the above Cheapside customers on this occasion; and the coves of the sporting lush-cribs were likewise bored to death. Although the kids obtained their answers for nothing, the "Dont know" gave more offence than satisfaction. At length the mist was dispelled; the office given for Weyhill, Hampshire, and the mugs of the amateurs indicated "all happiness." The inns were immediately scoured for places by the stage-coaches; and at peep of day on Monday morning the roads from Gloucester, Newbury, Winchester, Bristol, Sothampton, London, &c., were covered with vehicles of every desoription, filled with amateurs, rattling alone to arrive in time at the scene of action. By five o'clock in the afternoon not a bed could be procured at Andover, although a sovereign per head was offered for a snooze. The flooring system was obliged to be adopted by the hitherto down-y ones, and a carpet was considered as a great luxury, to envelope their sporting frames. The principal taverns at Andover were filled with persons of the highest quality in the Kingdom; and both men and prads were obliged to put up with any shelter that could be got for them. The little towns and villages contiguous to Andover were equally overflowing with company, and the Bonifaces, to keep in character with this fighting scene, proved themselves such "good ones," as to hit their customers so very hard, that must prevent their coming again at the nalling scratch. Thousands of kids were on the road all night. The Mayor and Corporation of Andover, it seems, were ear-wigged by a few canting beaks, to spoil the sports of the amateurs, which inevitably must have done the town a great injury respecting blunt matters. But it wouldn't G, and the gents alluded to possessed too much generosity to punish the peaceable inhabitants of the neighborhood, who have to pay their rents, and raise their taxes, by depriving them of making a "little bit of money" in an honest way, when such a chance might never occur again in Hampshire. Hinkley Down, the situation where the battle took place, was delightfully picturesque. A hill at the back of the field formed an amphitheatre, not unlike Epsom Races, and upwards of thirty thousand spectators had a fine view of the fight, and amongst them numerous well-dressed females. So many swells were never before seen round the ring, which was under the superintendence of Mr. Jackson. At one o'clock, Tuesday, May 20, 1822, Neat, arm-in-arm with his backer, Mr. Harrison, and Belcher, followed by Harmer, threw up his hat in the ring, amidst thunders of applause. About ten minutes afterwards, Spring, with his backer, Mr. Sant, and Painter, appeared, Cribb waiting for them. Spring very coolly walked up to the ropes, and dropped his beaver within them. He then shook hands with Neat, saying, "I hope you are well." "I am very well, thank you, I hope you are," was the reply of Neat. Spring was rather the favorite, for choice, on the ground, and rather the best in condition. The colors, an orange yellow for Neat, were tied to the stakes by Belcher; the blue, for Spring, placed over them by Tom Cribb. Previous to the commencement of the battle, Mr. Jackson entered the ring, and thus addressed the spectators:—"Gentlemen, I have to inform you that no person but the umpires and referee can be stationed close to the ropes; I have therefore to request that every gentleman will retire to some distance from the ring, and also, if necessity requires it, to give me your assistance to keep the ground clear, to prevent confusion, and to have a fair fight. I have refused to be referee, that I may walk about and attend to the ring." [Bravo and applause.] This address had the desired effect; the gentlemen retired to their places, the good consequences of which were that every individual had an uninterrupted view of the fight, and not the slightest disorder occurred.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Everything being arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, the office was given for peeling. The interesting moment had now arrived; all doubts and fears as to a fight were at an end; and the aspiring, daring ambition of Spring to obtain the Championship was about to be put to the test. The hands had also been crossed and shaken together, in token that no animosity existed between the parties: Glory hovered over their heads: Victory was alike in view; and the heroes, wooing their smiles, were stripped for action. Herfordshire bidding high for the prize; but Bristol making sure of winning it. To describe the intense interest portrayed by this vast assemblage, on Neat and Spring placing themselves in attitude, is impossible. The sight was beautiful. Something after the generosity of courage displayed by those celebrated heroes of antiquity, Ajax and Hector:

"Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe,
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be sudden and begin the fight.
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms;
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battles on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow,
I steal no conquest from a noble foe."

Spring was as fine as a star; as strong as an ox; light and active as a deer; and confident as a lion. His condition was tip-top; and, in truth, he could not have been better. Spring weighed 13st 3lb. The person of Neat was equally an object of admiration: his partisans were highly delighted with his appearance, and his frame was pronounced to have fully answered the good effects of training. Indeed, two finer young men could not have been opposed to each other, or a more equal match made; Neat having slightly the advantage in weight over his rival. Spring, cool, collected, firm, and confident, appeared at the scratch, to meet his renowned and formidable opponent, who had obtained so much notoriety by his conquest over the late terrific Gaslight man. Neat, equally confident; nay, more, if his countenance bespoke his mind, thinking it presumption for any boxer on the list to dispute his right to the enviable title of Champion, showed at the mark ready to dismiss his adversary by one hit for the temerity he had thus shown. A long pause of two minutes occurred in looking at each other: dodging about for two minutes longer: Spring let fly his left hand, but no mischief was done. Neat missed the body of his opponent with his right hand, which Spring stopped in great style. [Applause from all parts of the ring.] A pause. Neat again attempted his favorite slaughtering hit, which Spring parried, smiling and nodding at his opponent. [Loud shouts of approbation from the spectators.] Spring put down his hands, but Neat did not avail himself of this chance. Spring immediately made himself up in one of the finest attitudes for administering punishment ever witnessed, and endeavored to plant a hit with his right hand, which Neat stopped in the most scientific manner. [The Bristolians shouting in turn, "Bravo, Neat!" and, in fact, applause from all parts of the ring.] Neat missed the body of Spring with his left hand. Spring now went to work, some blows were exchanged, but Spring's hits were so severe on his opponent's nob, that he turned round. ["What do you think of that ere for light hitting?" a Cockney cove observed to a Bristol man who sat close to him.] They followed each other over the ring, when Spring, in retreating from some well-meant heavy blows, got into a corner close against the stake, feeling with his heel whereabouts he was situated; ["Now's the time," says Tom Belcher;] but the defensive position of Spring was so excellent, that he was not to be got at without great danger to Neat; which the latter perceiving, did not go near enough to do anything like terrific execution. Spring fought his way out *a la Randall*; a close ensued, when Neat had nearly got Spring off his legs; but, in struggling for the throw, Spring, with the utmost dexterity, turned Neat over in his arms, sent him on the ground, falling upon him. Between nine and ten minutes had elapsed. The chaff-cutters from the long town were now roaring with delight: "Spring for ever; for anything; he can fight for a day and a night into the bargain."

2. The superiority displayed by Spring in the preceding round, rather alarmed the backers of Neat. They did not expect it. The "lady's-maid fighter," as he had been libelled—the "china-man," as he had been designated—the "light tapper," as he had been termed, thus to set at defiance the slaughtering hitter Neat; nay, more, to turn the scales, and take the lead of him, operated rather different from a favorable omen to their feelings. A long pause occurred between the combatants. Spring stood as firm as a rock, Neat not being able to get at him. The latter, however, endeavored to plant a hit, but it fell short. Both of the men now made themselves up for mischief, and counter-hits passed between them. Spring's right hand put in so severe a blow over Neat's eye that the claret followed it instantly. Spring exclaimed, "First blood, Neat." This touch confused the Bristol hero a little; but he tried to give his opponent a heavy blow, which fell short; and Spring, in return, gave him so sharp a nobber, that Neat looked round, and was nearly going down. [Disapprobation.] The latter collected himself together, and showed fight; when Spring fought his way into a close, fibbed Neat with the utmost ease, and sent him down. The applause here was like a roar of artillery. Two to one, and "Neat has no chance—it's all up with him." Spring, while sitting on his second's knee, observed to Painter, smiling, "It is as right as the day; I would not take £100 to £1, and stand it—he can't hit me in a week."

3. The only chance now left to save a transfer of the Bristolians' blunt to the Metropolitan kids, it should seem, was one of those silencing hits by which Neat had acquired his milling fame, or rather of steam-engine power, to be planted on the nob of Spring, so as to spoil his science, reduce his confidence, and ultimately to take the fight out of him! All the peepers of the backers of Neat were on the stretch, in anxious expectation to see the slogger put in which was to relieve their fears, and produce a change in their favor. Shyness on both sides. Spring endeavored to plant a heavy right-handed hit, which Neat stopped cleverly. [Great applause, and "Well done, Neat." The latter smiled at this success, and Spring also observed, "Well stopped!"] Rather a long pause. The toes of the combatants were close together, and Spring not to be gammoned off his guard. Some blows were at length exchanged, and Spring received so heavy a hit on his kidneys, that his face for the instant bespoke great pain, and his arms also dropped a little. But, in closing, Spring had decidedly the advantage; and, in going down, Neat undermost. [The Springers were now as gay as larks, offering to back young Winter to any amount.]

4. Neat, instead of going up and fighting at the head of his opponent, where, at least, he might have had a chance of planting some of his tremendous blows, never showed any signs of going in to fight. Standing off to a superior, fine scienced boxer like Spring, almost reduced it to a certainty, that in the event he must be beaten. In this character as a smashing pugilist, his feature ought to have been to have attempted to smash his leary opponent. He could not get an opening at his length to put in any effective blows; in fact, he could not break through the guard of Spring. Neat endeavored to plant a severe blow, which Spring stopped with the utmost ease. [Great applause, and "You'll break his heart, Tom, if you go on that way."] Neat missed the body of Spring with his left hand. [Laughing, and "It's of no use!" from the crowd.] A short rally near the ropes, in which Spring had the best of it, and, in struggling for the throw, Neat experienced a tremendous fall, added to the whole weight of Spring on his body. [Shouting like thunder from a body of thirty thousand persons, all expressing their approbation.] The Tattersallites were now laughing with glee that all their heavy bets were secure; the Corinthians praising the science displayed by Spring; the Herefordshire "souls" priding themselves on their countryman; the Cockneys on the right side of the question, forgetting the expenses of their journey, and the nailing of the inns; the pretty "petticoat visitors," who were on the hills enjoying the manly scene, waving their handkerchiefs, intimating "that none but the brave deserve the fair!" In short, everything bore the aspect of "happiness" amidst this vast conglomeration of people, saving the indexes of the Bristolians, whose mugs exhibited a sort of rainbow appearance; but blue was the predominant color.

5. Owing to the severe fall which Neat experienced in the last round, he attributes losing the fight. Neat informed Belcher (while sitting on Harmer's knee) that his arm was broken, but it was previously evident to every disinterested spectator, that Neat had not a shadow of a chance—his nose bleeding and his face punished. Neat made another stop, when some blows were exchanged, and a slight rally took place, and Neat broke away. The latter gave Spring a hit, and was going down, but he resumed his attitude. [Disapprobation.] Spring, to make all safe, was in no hurry to go to work, and another pause ensued. Neat, as he was in the act of falling, received a hit, when Spring added another one on his back. The umpires called out to Belcher, and told him, "It was a stand-up fight; and Neat must take care what he was about." "I assure you, gentlemen," replied Mr. Jackson, "Neat received a blow." Here Martin offered in a very loud manner, that he would bet £1000 to £100 on Spring. During this round, Belcher came to the extremity of the rope, and, in a low tone of voice, told Mr. Jackson Neat's arm was broken. "I perceive it," replied Mr. Jackson, "but I shall not notice it to the other side."

6. Neat hit short at Spring's body with his left hand, holding his right in a very different position from the mode when the battle commenced. The Bristol hero was piping, and his tongue rapidly passing in and out of his mouth, betraying symptoms of great distress. Neat, however, gave a bodier to his opponent, and he also made a good stop; but in a rally he received several blows, and ultimately went down.

7. Spring was as fresh as if he had not been fighting; and although it was now a guinea to a shilling, and no chance of losing, yet Spring was as careful as if he had a giant before him. The latter got away from a blow. "We can fight for a week in that manner," said Belcher. "Yes," said Painter; "but we have got the general." Neat received a severe hit on his head, and he fell down on his knees. The shouts for joy from the partisans of Spring, and the roars of approbation from the spectators in general, beggared description.

8, and last. Neat endeavored to plant a heavy blow on the body of Spring, but the latter jumped away as light as a cork. A pause. Spring was satisfied he had won the battle; and, therefore, determined not to give his opponent the slightest chance towards obtaining victory. Spring put in a hit on Neat's face, and when the latter returned, he again got away. In an exchange of blows, Neat was hit down. When time was called, Neat got up and shook hands with Spring, and said his arm was broken, and he could not fight any more. The battle was at an end in thirty-seven minutes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPOILING HIS NEW YEAR CALLS.

OUR worthy friend Spriggins, on the last day of the year, had just purchased himself a killing pair of "patent-leathers," in which to make his calls on the following day, but on passing through Broadway, his thoughts intent on the many conquests he hoped to make on the morrow, "kerwallop" falls a heavy-laden box of hardware upon his right foot, mashing the patent-leather and its contents into one undistinguishable mass of mince meat. It is needless to say that the New Year calls were not made. How Spriggins raved, and how he tore, words cannot express. This is only one of the many disappointments experienced by our bloods, on the inauguration of the New Year.

THE "NEGRO MINSTREL'S" REVENGE.

AN UNVARNISHED NARATIVE OF FACT.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

TIME works wondrous changes, not only in the outward forms of men, but in their inner life. I am aware that this fact has been recorded many times ere this; but it is essential to my purpose to have it on record here, and I have, therefore, written it down in its plainest and most un-original shape. To illustrate:

When Ben Boyd and I went to school together, he was one of the worst boys in this growing city. I think there was as much evil in him as ever fell to the lot of any mortal youth. He was neither generous nor kindly in his thoughts and manners, nor affable, nor *clever* in either acceptation of the word, nor well-looking. On the contrary, he was wild, wayward, cruel, dishonest, sour, and ill-mannered. He did not pity infancy, nor respect age. Friendship was, in his estimation, a fable. True, to some of his schoolmates he accorded what he termed friendship, but it was of a kind universally shunned, for he exercised the harshest tyranny over those who accepted it. He was very strong and very daring, and as his only joy was in doing damage to something or somebody, his physical superiority, and mental callousness to every good impression, increased daily by the encouraging effect of exercise.

Ben's father was a poor man and a drunkard. He was what the "fierce democracie" term "one of nature's noblemen;" that is, he was in a crude state; refinement of education and praise-worthy association having been totally denied him. Everybody shunned and feared him—everybody, except Ben, who seemed to take delight in his father's obscenity and general repulsiveness. If the father swore at the son, the son swore back at him, imitating and repeating his horrid oaths, while his countenace wore the tantalizing grin of vicious enjoyment. The schoolmaster would have dismissed Ben from his establishment—so he told me several years after—but he feared if he did, that the elder Boyd would fire his house, or waylay and maim him. As I was in another part of the school, Ben and I never had a great deal to do with each other. We were simply acquaintances, and I took always good care that the acquaintacce should not ripen into intimacy.

At length we got rid of Ben. His father beat his wife so severely that she died from the effect of the injuries inflicted, and the Boyds were compelled to flee from this part of the country.

Ten years afterward business called me to one of the interior towns of Pennsylvania. I had not a single personal acquaintance in the town, and, therefore, I was somewhat surprised to hear my name called as I was walking through the main street. Turning in the direction of the call, I observed a well-dressed young man with his eyes fixed thoughtfully upon me. Suddenly he advanced, and repeating my name, said:

"Sure I am not mistaken."

"You are not; but I certainly have no recollection of you."

"Perhaps not; but I can refresh your memory. Have you forgotten Ben Boyd?"

I was astonished, and did not attempt to conceal it. That trim, gentlemanly young man Ben Boyd! That open, intelligent countenance, the face that in boyhood wore the sullen expression of the ignorant and depraved! and disgusted me to look at!

"You look amazed," he said, "and perhaps there is reason for it. I was not a very promising youth; nor were my associations of a character to inspire much hope in my favor. But I asure you that you need not fear to recognize me now."

His manner was so frank, and his language so candid that I took his hand without hesitation, and that afternoon found us chatting together as companionable as if we had been reared together as brothers.

"What business are you engaged in?" I asked after we had exhausted all our small talk.

His countenance assumed a dubious cast as he remarked rather hesitatingly:

"You will promise not to laugh at me?"

"Laugh at you?"

"Yes. I am a negro minstrel."

"Well," I answered, "there *is* something laughable in the very name of your calling, but if not a very dignified pursuit it is at least honest."

"People have their prejudices, you know," he said, with some degree of asperity.

"They are only of a trifling character," I responded.

"Not always. There is a man in this city who wields a powerful pen, and who controls the columns of a newspaper, who has published repeatedly the most violent attacks upon me, because I am a strolling performer of Ethiopian eccentricities."

"For no other reason?"

"He declares that this is the only one. And yet," he added mournfully, "I have never injured any one since I have been in the profession. It was not until I joined it that I became respectable."

I could scarcely repress a smile at the earnestness with which he spoke.

"Why," I inquired, "do you not invoke the aid of the law to put a stop to this abuse."

"The law!" he exclaimed contemptuously, "were I to sue this man every press in the country would oppose me, and my band of minstrels would have to be disbanded or else go under some other management."

"You call these attacks violent," I said, "perhaps your sensitiveness exaggerates their character."

"Read them and judge," he replied, placing in my hand a roll of newspapers.

I read them carefully, one by one. They were certainly the most attrocious libels that ever came under my notice. Ben was called everything vile in them. The writer was evidently supplied with his materials by somebody who had known Ben when I first knew him. I thought how different from his present one would have been the course he would have adopted a few years previously, had any man so slandered him, and I could scarcely comprehend the change that had been made in him.

We separated that evening, Ben to amuse the public, and I to ruminate upon our meeting at my lodgings.

The next morning I picked up the new issue of the paper in which Ben had been so mercilessly crucified, and there perused another attack upon him. It was worse, if possible, than the attacks that had preceded it, and concluded by calling its victim the descendant of a murderer. Never shall I forget Ben's appearance on that day. His natural disposition was at violent war with his new-formed sense of duty and decency. The struggle was a hard one; but the right eventually prevailed. He told me that he had determined, an hour before he met me, to *kill* the author of the offensive articles, and take the consequences.

"And now," I said inquiringly.

"He *may run*," answered Ben emphatically, and continued: "I shall leave him to the punishment of his own conscience. I am doing well in this town, but I cannot hold my head up in the streets in consequence of this abuse, and I shall push on to the next place in my circuit. I have that man's name, and I would know his person in a crowd of a thousand," he said as he bade me farewell; "if he continues to assault me after I have gone, and we ever meet—"

Here he clenched his hands tightly, and one of the devilish expressions of old flitted across his features.

"Well, what then, Ben?"

"*I will be revenged.*"

I remembered the devil that was born in him, and was not yet wholly cast out, and I shuddered, for I believed he would keep his word, and I knew what *he* meant by revenge. But among other claims upon my attention I soon lost sight of Ben, his assailant and his threat.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Three years ago I was in California. One of the first persons I encountered there was Ben Boyd, the negro minstrel. His troupe was firmly established in San Francisco, and even when all other places of amusement were languishing for want of patronage, his saloon was largely attended. He was worth, he declared with a laugh, at least fifty thousand dollars. He had married, and was the father of two children.

"They shall never encounter the difficulties that I have had to contend with," he remarked: "I shall leave them independent of the world and its unfeeling prejudices; for money can buy out your prejudiced good man as easily as it can purchase the scoundrel."

We were standing in front of his establishment, surrounded by flaming posters, and streamers upon which a variety of grotesque heads and inviting sentences were painted. Naturally enough I referred to the town in which we had previously parted, and asked if he had ever seen his editorial enemy since that time.

"Yes," he replied, turning very pale, and biting his lips until they bled, "he is here—I saw him yesterday."

"Did you address him?"

"No."

He gave a sudden start, and plucking me violently by the coat sleeve, exclaimed, "here he is now."

Within two feet of us stood a man apparently forty years of age. His countenance was deeply traced with lines of sorrow, and his habiliments evidenced extreme poverty.

"Boyd," he said, "I would like to speak to you upon a matter of importance—to me at least."

Ben's eyes glared upon him with fury. The nerves of his face worked so violently that he seemed to be another person. I expected to see him seize the man by the throat, but to my pleasure and surprise he quietly thrust his hands into his pantaloons' pockets and invited his enemy to "step inside." He extended the same invitation to me. We both accepted.

After we were seated in the little office where Ben's monetary affairs were regulated, a conversation took place between the editor and the minstrel that I shall never forget. The editor acknowledged that his abuse had been published with a mercenary motive, and that he hoped Ben would purchase his silence. He did not seek to gloss over the infamy of his treatment of Ben—he designated it by the harshest name he could employ, and then stopped talking. I saw that Ben's anger was at the highest pitch; any man's would have been under similar circumstances. After a pause, during which he tried, not without success, to calm his emotions, he said to the editor:

"And now that I have you here, completely in my power"—here he produced a revolver—"what ought I do with you?"

"Take my life, perhaps," said the man, with a trembling voice, "but it is not worth taking. I have lost all I owned in the world. Listen, before you preceed to punish me, to the motive that brought me here. I have a wife and three children who are not responsible for my deeds. They are starving, and, *if you do not help me*, will soon be shelterless. I know nobody here but you. Here are three valuable rings—family heir-looms of my wife, and to her of priceless value. Take them as security and lend me twenty dollars. I come to you as a last resource."

"Well," said Ben, his anger completely banished, "this is the coolest request I ever heard of. To come to me, of all others."

"When one's wife and children are perishing three thousand miles from home, one will do almost anything," said the man doggedly.

"There," remarked Ben, taking a roll of bills from his vest pocket, and giving it to the editor, "take the rings back to your wife, and put away these bills. They amount to fifty dollars. When I left R——, in Pennsylvania, I swore, if you attacked me again, and I met you afterwards, that I would have revenge—AND I HAVE GOT IT."

May I trust that whenever any of my readers have the chance of revenging themselves upon one who has deeply wronged them, that they will bear in mind, and strive to imitate the sublime magnanimity of Ben Boyd.

"WHERE DID HE GO TO?"—In a certain hotel in this village, there is a bar-tender, who is in the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always make it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, the employer came into the room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter and casting his eyes around with a surprised look, exclaimed:

"*Where in thunder did the man go to that ordered that drink?*"—*Nelsburgh Tel.*

A CURIOSITY.—While Mr. Paton was cutting up, at Lainshaw Saw-mills a few days since, a plane tree which had grown on the estate, he was somewhat surprised at apparent solidity, a part of it being so hard that sparks emanated freely from the inside. On closer inspection he discovered that he was cutting on a quantity of stones, 37 in number, weighing from 2oz. to 2lb. each, and the rib-bone of a cow. The tree was quite fresh around them, and bore no marks of how they could have got there, the deposit being nine feet from the root, and must have been upwards of sixty years in its snug resting-place.—*Ayrshire Express.*